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CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRIST

REV. JOHN HENRY JOWETT, M. A., D. D.

"No room!" The Lord was crowded out! And I suggest that this incident at the birth of our Saviour is symbolic of the tragedy of the whole of his life, and of the continued tragedy of our relationship to him today. He has been excluded from the central place. He has been hustled into the outer courts. No room has been offered him in the inn. He has been crowded out! And I further suggest that the only place in which he can make his home today is in the inn of the soul, the secret rooms of the personal life.

I. Now what do we offer the Lord in the place of a room in the inn?

1. We build him stately material temples. We expend boundless treasure in their erection. Art joins hands with architecture and the structure becomes a poem. Lily-work-crowns the majestic pillar. Subdued light, and exquisite line, and tender color, add their riches to the finished pile. And the soul cries out, "Here is a house for Thee, O Man of Nazareth, Lord of glory! Here is the home I have built for Thee." And if the soul would only listen there comes back the pained response, "Where is the place of my rest, saith the Lord"; "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands"; "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." The Lord of glory seeks the warm inn of the soul, and we offer him a manger of stone.

2. Or in place of the home which he seeks we build him a fane of stately ritual. We spend infinite pains in designing dainty and picturesque ceremonials. Or perhaps we discard the color and the glow. We banish everything that is elaborate and ornate. We have a ritual without glitter, and we have movements without romance. But whether our ceremony be one or the other, whether it be laden with Roman Catholic profusion, or lean with Quaker simplicity, the soul virtually says to the Lord, "Here is a ritualistic house I have built for Thee, O Christ. Take up Thine abode in the dwelling which I have provided." And if the soul would only listen, it would hear the Lord's reply: "My son, give Me thine heart." He seeks the inn of the soul; we offer him a ritualistic manger.

3. Or once again we build him the massive house of a stately creed. The building is solid and comprehensive. All its parts are firm and well defined, and they are mortised with passionate zeal and devotion. We are proud of its constitution. The creed is all the more beautiful because it is now so venerable and hoary. The

weather-stains of centuries only add to its significance and glory. There it stands, venerable, majestic, apparently indestructible. "Here is a credal home for Thee, O Lord. I am jealous for the honor of Thy house. I will contend earnestly for every stone in the holy fabric. Here is a home for Thee, O King." And if the soul would reverently and quietly listen this would be the response she would hear, "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" That is what the Lord is seeking. He seeks not my credal statements but my personal faith. He solicits not my creed but my person, not my words but my heart. And so do we offer him all these substitutes in the place of the dwelling he seeks. And if these are all we have to offer, "The Son of Man hath no where to lay his head." We offer him the hospitality of a big outer creed, but "there is no room for him in the inn."

II. Let us now look even more closely at the kind of entertainment which the Lord desires, and let me quote for our guidance the word of the Apostle Paul. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" This is the house our Redeemer seeks, the wonderful inn of the soul. I want to look inside that inn, for it has many rooms, housing many varied interests and we may exclude the Lord from them all. Let us walk through a few of the rooms.

I. There is first of all the room of the mind, the busy realm of the understanding. Try to imagine the multitude of thoughts that throng that room in a single day. From waking moment to the return of sleep they crowd its busy floors. There they are, thoughts innumerable, hurrying, jostling, going! And yet in all the restless, tumultuous assembly, with the floor never empty, the Lord may have no place. "God is not in all his thoughts." There is no room in the inn. He is crowded out.

2. And here is another room, the room of personal affection and desire. It is the room where love lives and sings. And it is the room where love droops and sickens and dies. It is the room where impulse is born and where it grows or faints. It is the room where secret longing moves shyly about and only occasionally shows itself at the window. It is the busy chamber of the emotions. And the Lord yearns to enter this carefully guarded room, to make his home in the realm of waking and brooding affection. Is there any room for him?

3. Let us pass into another room in the inn. I will call it the room of the imagination. It is

the radiant chamber of ideals and fancies and visions and dreams. In this room we may find Prospect Window and the Window of Hope. It is here that we look out upon the morrow. And it is here that life's wishes and plans may be found. The Lord delights to abide in that bright chamber of purpose and dreams. Is there any room?

4. Not far from this room there is another which I will call the chamber of mirth. It is here that the genius of merriment dwells, and here you may find the sunny presence of wit and humor. Here are quip and jest and jollity. Here is where bridal joy is found and where the song of the vineyard is born. Will the Master turn into this room or will he avoid it? I warrant he longs for a place in the happy crowd! Is there any room for him in this hall of mirth, or is he crowded out?

5. There are many other rooms in this inn that I could name. There is the conversation room, that busy room of speech and intercourse. Is the Lord permitted to enter into that room and have any influence upon the fellowship? There is the recreation room, the room used in the hour of leisure, when business is laid aside and we are at play. Is the Master permitted to play with us? Has he any voice or veto in the matter and manner of the games? Or is there no room for him? Is he crowded out?

III. Now why do we shut him out? Well, there are many reasons, but I will select two or three which perhaps are the most common.

1. First of all we may keep him out because we should not care for him to see what there is within. I mean that we do not care to consciously meet him inside the inn. It troubles us and disturbs us to think about him. The only way in which some people can find even comparative comfort is to forget the Lord.

2. Then again we may keep him out by the thronging multitude of our cares. We can be so full of care as to be quite careless about him. We can have so much to worry about that we have no time to think about Christ. "The cares of this world choke the word," and the Speaker of the word is forgotten.

3. In the third place we may crowd the Saviour out of the inn by the multitude of pleasures which we are entertaining as our guests. That is to say, a merely sensational life can make us numb to all that is spiritual, and the unseen world becomes non-existent to our souls. That is an awful law of life. We may so dwell in the pleasures of the senses that all the deeper things are as though they were dead, and buried in forgotten graves.

It is not needful to name any further reasons for our exclusion of the Lord from the rooms of the soul. I think we all clearly see that Holman Hunt's great picture, "The Light of the World," depicts an ever recurring spiritual tragedy. You remember the picture. The Lord stands outside the door, at night, among the chilling dews, and beneath the cold light of the moon, and is knocking, knocking! And the door has been so long closed that weeds have clambered about it, and even the very flowers have become obstructive to his entrance. And he is knocking, knocking! But there is no opening! What is happening on the other side of the door

I cannot tell, but clearly there is no room for him in the inn.

And so it is possible to have a Christmas-tide with Christ left out. I wonder how the little children would feel if, on their birthdays, there were all kinds of joy and festivity, and the little ones whose birthdays were being celebrated were themselves being crowded out. And Christmas tide is the Lord's birthday; and the Lord himself can be forgotten. We may never think of him. We may never speak of him. He may never be invited. There may be no room for him in our Christmas season.

But suppose we open the door and make room for him in the inn. What then? Well, what does he himself say about his coming? "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." That cannot be said of every visitor who is allowed to enter our souls. "The thief cometh that he may kill and steal and destroy." The thief comes to share our joy, but he spoils it. He makes a promise to deepen our peace but he creates disorder. But the Lord himself will not steal away a single treasure. He will not kill a single innocent pleasure. He will not destroy a single lovely thing. Try him. Open the door this Christmas-tide and see what will happen if we allow him room in the inn. Take him into your fun. Will he spoil it? Take him into your conversation. He will come in like sunshine. There are some things that will just disappear at his coming as owls and bats vanish at the dawn.

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tree, rock, bush, twig, and wall covered with the thick, clean, white snow. But what excited our wonder the most was an old stump fence. The evergreen trees were beautiful anyway, and the snow only changed their beauty, but the old stump fence had been transformed. Where the woods lay behind it, it seemed like the barricade of some wonderland, upon whose battlements the most wonderful shapes of beauty had been carved in countless forms, figures and lines.

These old denominational fences, the survival of a religious past that we still use to mark the different fields of our religious endeavor, today can be transformed into purity and beauty if we will let the snows of God's grace and spirit fall upon them. Some of our schemes of church federation have failed because we have not made spiritual reasons the first objects of our effort.

In these days of a declining church attendance we are talking much of ministers' salaries, larger congregations and social opportunities—and do not some of our schemes fail because in the words of Dr. Jowett, "We have thought more of full pews than redeemed souls." If we will only let the spirit of God descend upon us, some of those things like the denominational lines that seem so ugly and dead, will be transformed into life and beauty, as the snowstorm can transform the stump fence. Then let us pray for a snowfall of God's grace, that the silent, pure influence of God's Spirit may fall upon our lives—and the life of the church today—and may cover up all the unsightliness and all the divisions of life, until the ugly, dead things are hidden and we see only the beauty, the wonder and the glory of God.

TRANSFORMATION

GEORGE GRAHAM

Even the dead, dismal looking stump fence has a story for use. Recently, while I was annoyed by some of those difficulties that a minister meets in some of our over-churched communities, I was led to a more kindly thinking of the problem by some lessons that were brought to me by the sight of an old stump fence running across a field which I used to cross often in my walks.

Your first impression of a stump fence is anything but pleasant. The great dead butts of the trees, weatherbeaten into unsightliness, with the ugly roots twisting and sprawling in every direction, make you wish that every stump in the fence would be destroyed in the next forest fire, so that it would no longer mar and deface the beauty of the fields. But the stump fence is a witness to some one's toil in the past. If you have any appreciation of life, any interest in the past, the stumps can remind you whenever you see them, of the hardships and struggles of the hardy pioneers. It will call again to our minds the community traditions we heard the old men tell when we were children. How a little company of the first settlers, eleven men, and two women, came in through the mountain pass, in the dead of winter, with their packs on their backs, traveling over the deep snows with snowshoes; how before the homes were made they had to fight the Indians, kill the panthers and wolves; how the giant trees had to be felled, so that they might build their homes and get a place to raise the first crops. And perhaps some courageous fellow pulled up and dug out the very stumps that make up the old fence, until he had wrested a clearing from the forest where the light could stream in, and had made a chance for the living of his family and needs of his home.

Like stumps in a field, the sects in our modern world remind us of a great past.

They and the creeds of the past seem almost as out of place in our modern world, as the dead, unsightly stump seems out of place in the life and beauty of the fields. But each denominational name tells the story of some of the great spiritual battles that men have fought for religious opportunity and reality in the past. The names of the three different Christian bodies in my community tell of three great messages that the church must remember, if the gospel is to bring men its saving power and hasten the coming of the Master's kingdom. The name of the first denomination tells of the hard, bitter battle that some of our fathers fought for religious toleration and liberty. The name of the second church tells of a time when much of the religious thought of that age was bringing to men doubt and despair, of a great gospel that came to the world in that hour of need, of the unbaflled God who had the power and will to save all who would trust him. The third communion in its name tells the story of the great movement which awakened our modern world from its dogmatism and brutality, and gave it the consciousness of the presence and power of the spiritual Christ and gave to that world a new life in his name. We still use stumps to divide fields and we can still use these names to divide our fields of service.

For the old fence is still useful to mark bound-

aries and divide fields. If we were building a fence today we would not make it out of stumps, but as long as the stump fence is here, it will serve as well as anything else to divide field and pasture, forest and meadow from each other. If you have no sympathy and imagination, the stump fence will be nothing to you except a homely sight. But if you have these faculties, how the sight of the stump fence will inspire you. What hardship, what toil it took to clear these fields! What homes these pioneers supported, what griefs were theirs! Whither did their feet wander, and what did they do for the world?

If a person has any appreciation of sacred history, and is grateful for the spiritual benefits that have come to him from the sacrifice, labor and suffering of the past, the denominational names will not mean that the church is a hidebound organization which cannot adjust itself to the present world—rather they will tell him of great movements and victories of the church in the past which have manifested God upon the page of human history and brought to mankind great spiritual opportunities and blessings. In the place of indifference and the sneer there will be reverence to the faith that has inspired men to so much in the past. There will be earnestness to do our part faithfully that our fathers with their smaller opportunity, do not rise in condemnation against us who have the larger opportunity which is the result of their toil and faith. Still the fields have to be divided and so the old stump fence has its use. It is the power of the one sun, that makes the grain, hay, potato and apple grow. If mankind subsist it must have different crops. And while there is one spiritual source of life giving light and power, yet different movements and expressions of that "one common divine life" will be necessary to meet the different needs of our humanity. The denominational lines will yet be used to mark off the different forms of religious service for which the world calls. While one Sun of righteousness will give the light, strength and increase, different fruits of the spirit will have to grow to supply the spiritual wants of men. The snow can transform the stump fence to a thing of beauty. So grace can transform our lives. Is it always necessary to speak of the stump fence as something ugly? In fact I have never known men to improve the looks of a stump fence. I heard of a man who attempted to whitewash one, but he gave up when about half through and the fence did not seem much improved by the attempt. Did you ever see God transform the fence with his snow? Only two feet of snow covered the ground when we arrived at the camp for our winter outing, but the next morning when we awoke, we knew there would be some real deep snow sports. Outside the snow was falling in damp, thick flakes. In the afternoon we all strapped on our snowshoes and started for a tramp. How the splendid exercise and the intoxicating air brought its vigor and life into our bodies! How we laughed and shouted for sheer joy as we fought our way against the storm in the open places! Oh, the wonderland we were in: every

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A Message to Ministers From Gipsy Smith

Specially written for "Monday Morning," Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

THE spirit of the Lord God is upon me because the Lord hath anointed me to PREACH good tidings unto the meek. He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

The man who can say these words holds the greatest office in the world.

He represents God.

He bears the greatest message ever committed to a human being.

He possesses it and must tell it out. "Lift up thy voice, lift it up with strength, be not afraid. Say unto the cities of Judah, 'Behold your God.'"

There is only one book daring enough to say "Thus saith the Lord"—that is the preachers' book.

The preacher is the man with authority. Let him be a good man, then all heaven is behind him. There is no limit to his work or the results of his work. He tells of light for those who sit in darkness, of strength for those who are weak. He carries comfort for those whose hearts are broken. He defies the open grave, for he preaches a Gospel which some day will split every tombstone and wipe every tear away, changing sighs into songs.

The preacher's message is one of hope, of light and joy because it is a message of salvation—salvation from the guilt and power of sin.

The preacher must stand beneath the cross of Christ, the refuge for a lost world—his shame and his glory. He must be so hidden in the power and love and eternal mystery of that Atoning Cross that when he speaks those who hear will recognize the voice of God.

Oh, Brother Preacher, you are an honored man, hidden in God, taught in the Sacred Place the secrets of God and his great loving and eternal purposes for men.

Your first and last business must ever be to makes that great mystery known—"To make all men see."

This must be done tenderly, lovingly, faithfully as in the presence of God.

The preacher should be the cheeriest and happiest of men. For with him there is no fear of failure—if he is faithful, God will see he is fruitful.

God has said, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Believe in God.

Believe in your office.

Believe in your message—live, love, and preach with conviction, drenched in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Then, you preachers may "Arise and shine, for thy Light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

The Message to Boys By Theodore Roosevelt

Through "Boys' Life" I wish to send this message, not only to the Boy Scouts, but to all the boys of America. The prime lesson that the Boy Scout movement is teaching is the lesson that manliness in its most vigorous form can be and ought to be accompanied by unselfish consideration for the rights and interests of others.

Indeed I can go a little further. I wish that I could make the especial appeal to the American boy to remember that unless he thinks of others he cannot fit himself to do the best work in any great emergency.

The names in our history to which we now look back with pride are the names of men who have rendered great service. This service may have been rendered at the same time that they themselves gained glory or reputation. But neither the glory nor the reputation would have been gained save as an incident to the service. In our history there is now practically no mention of any great financier, of any great business man, who merely made money for himself.

America's contribution to permanent world history has been made by the statesmen and soldiers whose devotion to the country equalled their efficiency, by men of science, men of art, men of letters, by sane and honest reformers and social workers, who did great work and treated that work as in itself a great reward.

The two greatest men in our history are Washington and Lincoln. They possessed great ability, great intellect, and especially great sanity of mind; but it was the fact that they each possessed the highest character, a character both very strong and very unselfish, which gave them their pre-eminence over their fellows.

The boy is not worth anything if he is not efficient. I have no use for mollicoddles, I have no use for timid boys, for the 'sissy' type of boy. I want to see a boy able to hold his own and ashamed to flinch. But as one element of this ability to hold his own, I wish to see him contemptuously indifferent to the mean or brutal boy who calls him "sissy," or a mollicoddle because he is clean and decent and considerate to others. If a boy is not fearless and energetic, he is a poor creature; but he is even a poorer creature if he is a bully of smaller boys or girls, if he is guilty of cruel mischief, and if in his own home, and especially in his relations with his own mother and sisters, he is selfish and unfeeling.

I believe in play with all my heart; but I believe in work even more. While boy or man plays, I want to see him play hard; and when he works I don't want to see him play at all.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Boys' Life" is official magazine of the Boys' Scout Movement, Fifth Ave. Bldg., New York.

THE SUPREME TASK OF THE CHURCH

C. L. GOODELL, D. D.,

I am not a prophet of evil; I am an optimist to the last degree. You will remember the little girl's definition of both an optimist and a pessimist.—"An optimist is one who looks after your eyes and a pessimist is one who looks after your feet." The more you think of this definition the more impressed you are with its significance, especially when you remember that when you are looking at the wheels on which any chariot rides it makes all the difference in the world as to your idea of its progress whether you are looking at the top or the bottom of the wheel.

What, in a sentence, is the church of which I am to speak? I pass by for the present all definitions and content myself by remembering that it is the church of the living God; that it is the institution which Jesus called "My Church." He never said, "My wife," for the great joy which lies in such a fellowship he never knew. He never said, "My children," for though he gathered the children of others in his all-embracing arms and laid his hands on their heads in benediction, he never felt the kiss of cherub lips which were flesh of his flesh. He never said, "My home," because he who was a carpenter and wrought the homes of other people never built one for himself and he went out into the world more homeless than the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. But he did say, "My Father," and he did say, "My Church," and you remember how he crowded all the love of his heart into those words. Lest we might forget how dear it was to him we find the Revelator telling us that the church is his bride. Now a man can say what he chooses about you and you may be silent, but no man will allow any unseemly word spoken of his bride. Let us be careful what we say of the church which is the bride of the Lamb.

The church did not seem to be a very great institution when Jesus left it, and its assets were few. If we except the blessed record of a few faithful women, about the only assets of the church on the morning of the resurrection were a few empty grave clothes, a company of Roman soldiers lying prone upon the ground stricken with a great fear, and a little company of frightened men, one of whom was a liar, another a betrayer, and the rest of them hopeless with a great despair. But Jesus said, "I will build my church," and on such a foundation the work began. It has become the greatest institution on earth, the center of life's holiest experiences, and it is to last forever.

"O where are kings and empires now,

Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,

A thousand years the same."

It will last when all other institutions have disappeared like stars burned out in their sockets. You pride yourselves on your political parties, you spend your time seeking preferment, but all that will pass away. The political parties of a few years ago are now forgotten relics like empty bird's nests on the boughs of time. You pride yourselves on the amenities of social life. You join lodge after lodge and club after club. There seems to be something in it all fascinating

to many minds—to approach with trepidation the outside guard of some social holy of holies, to lift one's lips to some little wicket door or to speak through a key hole the reverend name of "George Washington" as a password, and then enter and doff one's chapeau before some great and mighty potentate who has names of dignity which would make an African chief turn pale with envy. But even this shall pass away. The one organization of holy fellowship which is to abide is the Church of the Living God. I would advise any man who wants to do a work that will last, to throw his soul into the only efforts that will abide the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. Then when his doorplate rusts from his door and over his store or factory another name appears, he will shine as a star forever and ever in the firmament of God.

When I think of the authorship and the destiny of the church I am filled with hope. But some men say, "You have forgotten her past. Again and again she has trailed her garments in the dust; again and again she has even denied her Lord and done despite to his person and his high commands, until the torch which was to lighten the world has almost been smothered in the ashes of her own undoing." I hasten to say that I know well her record. The church has been mighty to mar as well as to make mankind. I know well the days of her apostasy, when her sins were so dark as to shadow the centuries, and we call them the Dark Ages. But I also remember the fervor of her devotion and the purity of the men who were yet true to her. There has never been an age when God had not in her a representative on earth. She is an anvil that has broken many a hammer. Lizards crawl among the carved acanthus leaves on Rome's proud palaces and the dust of centuries hides the marbles where Caesar's name was writ. But the little trembling church, represented by the white-faced company of martyrs waiting the onrush of the lions in the arena still abides.

"Take heart, the Waster builds again,—

A charmed life old Goodness hath,

The tares may perish, but the grain

Is not for death."

Men cried, "Let me be the wheat of God to be ground under the teeth of the lions." They lighted up Nero's gardens with holy torches—every one of which was a martyr in his toga of flame. Whatever her deflections may have been at any time, bad as she may have been under the press of temptation from within and without, this has always been true that in any age of the world's history she has been in that particular age the holiest and purest thing alive. No other agency has been able to show her a better way; her regeneration has come from within and not from without; God was still within her and she has never quite forgotten her relation to him.

We hear much about man's faith in God. We do well to remind ourselves of God's faith in man. We might think as we look at the remains of pre-historic man that he began but poorly. We do not know who invented dugout or paddle, sail or wheel—but man found them out. There

was little to suggest to this primitive man,—or to us for that matter,—that our earth is swinging round the sun, hurrying on its way a million and a half mile a day, (an express train goes one hundred feet a second, the earth goes nineteen miles), or that our earth, vast enough so that we cannot measure the curve of it with our eye, swings free in space and rests on nothing, though it goes its round of the sun as if it were set in an iron groove. Seventy times around that track and the whirl of life is done. Of the first five years the man remembers little. The next twenty are spent in getting the hang of his tools and the last ten are spent amid increasing burdens. Of the remaining nearly forty, one-third is spent in sleep and most of the rest in getting a living. Small wonder if he advances but little from one generation to another.

Even so he vindicates God's faith in him, for ten thousand years before our era on the great Syrian plains he built a civilization with temples, sculpture and libraries that challenge the admiration of the world today. From the old Greeks we received a legacy of physical science which, put to usury, has supplied us with our present vast scientific wealth. God locked up the gold and silver in the heart of the rock or scattered it among the sands of the river and the sea, and he said, "Men will find it some day," and they did. He turned great forests into carbon and covered them with the dust of milleniums. He hid great reservoirs of oil in cisterns which no man knew. He prisoned the noxious gases and held them for ages, saying, "Someday men will need them, and will find them and discover how to use them," and they did. He stored the heavens with his thunderbolts and now men drive them with a copper bit. The very water and the air had forces in them which God put there and men drew them forth and made them drive the wheels of commerce and travel. It looks as if the faith of God in man's ability, when he turned over to him the mastery of nature, the power and opulence of the world had been justified. Much yet remains, but he has at least made a good beginning and every day sees the horizon of physical knowledge expand.

Great as are the triumphs of knowledge and invention they are of but secondary value in any measure of the worth of God's faith in man. This old world might have kept its gold and jewels locked in miserly grasp, it might have hidden its copper and its coal, its iron and tin, it might have wasted its rivers and grounded its thunderbolts amid the summer mountains, and there would have been no sign nor tear in heaven over the waste. For lost power or lost money heaven is indifferent, but the thing that hushed its music and emptied its throne was the threnody of a lost soul. When they asked the King why he had come to a world like this, he answered, "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost." Paul said he knew what the purpose of God was in creation and tells us that God created of one blood all nations on the face of the earth that they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from any one of us, for "In him we live and move and have our being."

My subject mentions a *task*. What is a task? It is a work that has duty behind it. What then is the great duty of the church? It is to lift a weak and sinning world and bind it by golden chains about the feet of God. Nothing that interests humanity is alien to it. Paul said, "I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." At first thought this would seem to be a very narrow calling, but as you think of it, it unfolds until it embraces all love, all knowledge, and all sacrifice. Are you a student of nature? Then sit at the feet of Him "by whom all things exist and without whom not anything was made that doth appear." He holds the keys of life in his hand. He praised the scarlet martagon for beauty passing Solomon's and he sends circling planets on their courses, each faithful to the second in its appointed time and place.

Are you in love with philanthropy? When Christ came there was not a poor-house on the face of the earth. The church taught the world to care for the poor. Are you in love with humanities? The church is the mother of hospital and asylum. Do you reach out after knowledge? The church founded college and university. From the ancient halls of Oxford in England to the classic halls of Harvard the seals of the world's great institutions bear the legend, "Christo et Ecclesiae." It is the business of the church to minister unto the world in all its higher needs. Do not forget this when a little later I shall lay an emphasis which may seem to be of a different kind.

They are telling us in our time that the authority of the church has passed away, that men have no longer fear or reverence for it,—and it is true. New adjustments are made necessary by the changed attitude of men toward the past. I confess I do not share the thoughtless spirit which ignores the past and I am sure that some day, as men grow more thoughtful, a better mind will come.

Lowell sings:—

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.
For humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

(Continued in January).

LIVING TEACHERS

MARGARET SLATTERY

[This address is given here with the hope that preachers this year will emphasize the teaching note in their sermons and in their church work. It is reproduced from *The World Evangel*.—F. M. B.]

I SHALL never forget my first glimpse of it hanging there on the wall before me as I opened the door of the art gallery. Outside the sun beat fiercely down upon the city streets, where the worn faces of the people dragging themselves back to work in scorching mills and stores and shops had plunged me into the depths of questioning, as to the why of things in this busy, hurrying world of ours.

But I forgot the problems. Forgot everything. There it was in the plain, dark frame, that wonderful picture of the sea. The fury of a storm was upon it, and the wind had piled up giant waves deep crested with foam as white as snow, just ready to break. Nicely poised—just ready—and as I looked I half expected to see them dash upon the waiting shore. But all was still, I stood with fascinated gaze—but they did not break—I was looking at a picture of the sea. For ten long years and more it might hang there, but that soft, white crest would never break, creep along the sand and dash against the solid rock. It was just a picture—not the sea.

Then I remembered that other day when standing upon the rocks of our northern shore, I had seen the sea. It was smooth as glass, deep and charming and still; then a wind in the night, the pouring rain, and morning broke. I braced myself against a rock, not daring to approach the place where yesterday I sat so calmly. Now the thundering crash of the breakers upon the shore thrilled me, the spray dashed over me, the craft securely anchored in the harbor plunged and rocked on the giant waves and the steamer dared not try to make her landing. Every wave as it pounded the granite rock seemed to shout to me; over and over on the wild surges, it came, "I am Strength—Force—Power—the sea—the real sea." Here on the wall before me in the quiet of the gallery hung, "The Sea," over yonder, breaking upon the northern shore was "The Sea."

There was such a difference. Why did one please my eye and the other thrill my soul? You know—one was a picture—the other was the sea. One was a good copy, a carefully wrought representation, the other was the sea in reality, with its boundless shores, its hidden secrets, its resistless power wrung from fathomless depths. It was real. Reality, that was what made the difference.

Reality gives power. I knew then and I know now that it is even so with men and women. Especially is it true of us who are teachers, that reality alone gives power.

What are Living Teachers? They are real, genuine like the great Christ. He was never in any sense a copy, an echo, and so he had strength and force. He was real and therein lay his power.

He was a real Teacher because he had something to teach. Something he believed would make men better and the world happier. He believed it so profoundly that he said it would solve all the problems of mankind. He was so glad to teach it that he sat on the mountain side, crossed and re-crossed the lake, met his enemies in the synagogue, stopped in the highways and by-ways of Jerusalem, went to the feast and the wedding—yes, even talked by the well with a woman of Samaria. All this that he might have the chance to teach, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

He taught because he wanted to. No one drove him forth, no one pressed his duty upon him, no one ever said, "You ought to." He said, "I must." And so men listened to what he taught, women believed his message, and little children followed him. After more than nineteen centuries men trust their souls to what he said.

Yes, he had something to teach and taught it, eagerly, with enthusiasm and authority. The real teacher does that today, and he teaches with power wherever he is. The reason there is so much mechanical, empty, forced teaching today is just because men and women have nothing to teach. No vital, life-giving belief, no personal knowledge of the thing to be taught thrills their souls until it must be said.

No one can give outward expression to that which is not within. He may say, but unless he is, it will not count. He may say it beautifully—he will be only the picture, without the moving power of the sea.

Look at a class of school children with me and see what I mean.

One day, in my early teaching, at a loss for a subject for a language lesson, I finally chose, "Animals of Other Countries." I showed a few pictures, assigned a chapter to be read, talked about two or three animals and gave out the paper. They were listless, uninterested, thought long and wrote little. When I collected the papers some had only one paragraph, and that made up of names. The lesson was a dead failure. I have learned a few things since then.

A year or two ago a circus was coming to Fitchburg. You had to know it; a blind man could scarcely pass the glaring bill boards and not know. Every child was intensely interested. I made use of the interest and centered it upon the animals, choosing the tiger, lion, elephant and polar bear. I described their homes and habits, gave anecdotes with real interest, for I wanted them to see the animals intelligently. The "day after" came, and when it was time for the language lesson, I said, "You are no longer children. Some of you are polar bears, some tigers, etc. You may choose which one you will be and write your story, using the subject, 'The Story of My Life.' Begin something like this, 'Oh, it is so warm, so warm! These cakes of ice are so small. Where are the great fields of snow and huge icebergs I used—' or 'Ha! I wish the bars or

this cage were not so strong. How I should like to break them and get back to my beautiful jungle."

They took their pens eagerly, they wrote hurriedly, they paid no attention to position. At the end of the period they were disappointed. They had not finished. I saw Harriet sneak out her paper during history and write a line and when Jimmy passed out at dismissal he astonished me by the question, "Say, kin I come in early and finish mine? I'm a tiger." Jimmy asking to come early to work!

"I wish you might have read those stories. Interesting, great freedom of expression, dramatic, every one of them good. Why the great contrast between these and those of my early teaching? You know. The whole thing was real to the latter class of children. It was no longer a dead subject, it lived. They had seen the animals, their interest was keen, they had something to say—they said it.

If we as teachers could only catch the deep significance of it! If to us the great subject we have to teach could be always vital, forceful, real! Then we should have things to say and they would listen because of the irresistible power of the Living Teacher, whose message springs from the depths of reality.

I saw another picture in the gallery that afternoon. It was a baby sitting on the floor. One little shoe had been pulled off; playthings were scattered about, but the baby scorned all. Two tiny hands reached upward and the sweet little face said so eloquently, "Take me, take me," that I almost stretched out my arms in answer to the appeal. Yet this was not the baby I could love. The baby, whose little outstretched arms would never tire, whose blue eyes would never shut, who would never change through the passing of the years, quickly lost its charm for me.

I remembered that other baby as I had seen it in the nurse's arms. Such tiny hands, eyes that could not bear the light, a precious bundle of hungry senses she was then, a promise—that was all. But yesterday as I passed her home, that tiny hand pounded hard on the window, and a sweet little voice speaking words bade me come in. And I knew as I looked at her that in a few years those same little hands will hold a pen, and that little tongue repeat the wisdom of the ages that are past! A few more, and in some office those same little hands will fly over the typewriter, or in the parlor bring music from ivory keys, or in the busy school point out the way of knowledge; perchance be laid in tender blessing upon the heads of little children of her own. Who shall say?

She has power and potentiality. The dynamic is within her. She is alive! And while she lives she must change. The pictured baby can never change. While she lives she must grow. The pictured baby can never grow.

The real baby will grow unless, alas! some dread disease should seize her. Imagine the agony of that mother, if one day the physician, turning away from her anxious face, should say, "It is even as I feared, she may live, but she will never develop, she cannot grow." To live a score of years and more, a baby still, with the charm of her babyhood

gone! It were no wonder if the broken-hearted mother whispered, "It were better she had never been born."

Yes, the normal, healthy child **must** grow, must develop, must change. Change! When it implies development, what a splendid word it is. And yet some men and women are so afraid of it. Some teachers even fear it, look at it with suspicion. To them life means growth, development, change, up to a certain point—then there is nothing beyond. I have seen such wrap the cloak of complacent self-satisfaction about them and all unknowing begin to die.

Let me show you what I mean. A while ago I visited a grade in a grammar school where I had been myself a pupil. The teacher, the same one I had then, was teaching South America. She was teaching it exactly as she had when I was in that grade. The same topics, using the same books. It all came back to me; I could almost have recited it myself. Think of it! South America in the same way as when I sat in that room and committed the second paragraph to memory! The South America which was then has gone. But there was no word of new railways, no word of revolutions, not a whisper of the wonderful awakening just waiting for the canal, nothing of the events taking place that very week in our fascinating sister country! Just names of rivers and mountains and plains. I asked if she were using the putty maps, if she were trying the quick sketching to fix rivers and plains in memory and show the slope of the land; if the children had made the canal zone in sand and understood any of the baffling problems the engineers must solve. She shrugged her shoulders, and said she did not take much stock in the new fads, and it would be time enough to teach the canal when it was finished. Her children were listless and uninterested, and "didn't like geography."

Men and women, that teacher was **dead** and didn't know it! It was not the number of years she had taught, not at all; it was that back there somewhere she came to a place where she thought she "knew how to teach geography," knew it all, stopped growing and began to die.

I know a man in Sunday School who has a class of boys ranging from eleven to sixteen years of age. He won't have the class divided. He won't have his school graded. He does not believe in the graded work or school. He asks questions from his quarterly around the class in turn, dealing out a few morals in an impressive tone at the close. He lives in a community where parents make their boys go to Sunday School, else he wouldn't have any. He says the good old way is all right, and **what was good enough for his father is good enough for him.** But the strange thing about him to me is this: His father's religion is good enough for him, but that is all. His father used to drive leisurely down to his office stopping to chat with his neighbors by the way—he rides down in an auto at limit speed. His father kept his own books and wrote his own letters—he has an adding machine and keeps an expert stenographer. His father made two railway journeys during his

life time, the longest two hundred miles—he has crossed the continent and the Atlantic. His father lived in a very plain, ordinary house, heated by fire-place and stove, and drew water from a well—he has a modern home, steam-heated and the water from the reservoir is carefully filtered, sometimes boiled and put in the cooler.

One day I reminded him of these facts. He said he could not live and do business as his father had, **conditions** had changed. I said he could not **teach** as his father had, conditions had changed. He said that was a different matter. But I do not yet see it, although I have tried.

Yes, growth implies change, and the man or woman who refuses all change ceases to grow. When one ceases to grow he begins to die.

The great fundamental laws behind all growth are unchanged, unchanging, eternal. But these very laws in operation cause change.

Ah, how the old world has changed since

that day when Christ went out through the city gates to his cross on the hill!

When I ask myself what has been the cause of the great upheavals, and the marvelous, almost incredible, changes slowly working their way out in the world since he came, I find one answer. He is the cause. His works, his life, his love, his great passion and his greater triumph, these have wrought the changes, these explain the growth. And if I am to be a growing, changing, Living Teacher, I must come into close, direct, uninterrupted contact with that life-giving power which was in him.

I must give myself freely, sincerely, without reserve to the fundamental laws of growth.

What are these laws? I must know. I cannot move, sleeping, dying or dead through a living world, throbbing with power, suffering with pain, eager with longing.

A live world demands a Living Teacher—and I must live.

(Continued next month.)

CHRISTMAS POEMS AND HYMNS

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY

NOR war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng.
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
was by.

* * *

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,

* * *

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took.

* * *

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
gold,

* * *

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peer-
ing day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wear-
ing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.
—John Milton.

Peace on Earth.

WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas; he seems so slow to come!
But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.
All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.
So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels' song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

—James Russell Lowell.

A Christmas Carmen.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations:
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battles, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of Glory to God and of good will to man!
Hark! Joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
And thought how, as the day had come,
The bells of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from day to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep;
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."
—Longfellow.

A Hymn for Christmas Morning.

BABES new-born, undefiled,
In lowly hut, or mansion wide,

Sleep safely through this Christmas-tide,
When Jesus was a child.

Young men, so bold and free,
In peopled town, or desert grim,
When ye are tempted like to him,
"The man Christ Jesus" see.

Poor mothers, with your hoard
Of endless love and countless pain,
Remember all her grief, her gain,
The mother of the Lord.

Mourners, half-blind with woe,
Look up! one standeth in this place,
And by the pity of his face
The Man of Sorrows know.

Wanderers in far countrie,
Oh, think of him who came, forgot,
To his own, and they received him not,—
Jesus of Galilee.

O all ye who have trod
The wine-press of affliction, lay
Your hearts before His heart this day,—
Behold the Christ of God!
—Dinah Maria Craik.

Christmas Carol.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight!—
On the snowflakes that cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.
—Phillips Brooks.

A Christmas Carol.

THERE'S a song in the air;
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of earth.
Ay, the Lord rains its fire, and the beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impeared;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world:
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is
king!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng,
Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and
King!
—J. G. Holland.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in.
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!
—Phillips Brooks.

Christmas Song.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judaea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
The realm of ether fills:
How sweet the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on earth: good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

Shall Christian hearts be mute this day
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes today!"
—Edward Hamilton Sears, D. D.

COME TO US ALL.

Come thou dear Prince, oh, come to us, this
holy Christmas-time!
Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet
homes, the noisy streets, the humble
lanes.
Come to us all, and with Thy love touch every
human heart,
That we may know that love, and in its blessed
peace
Bear charity to all mankind.
—Eugene Field.

THE WORLD—A GIFT FOR CHRIST.

The little boy of heavenly birth
And far from home today,
Comes down to find his ball, the earth,
Which sin has cast away.
O brothers, let us, one and all,
Join in to get him back his ball.
—Quoted by S. M. Zwemer.

CRADLE HYMN.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet
head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where
he lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the
sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.
—Martin Luther.

THE MODEST ENTHUSIAST.

"How did you enjoy my sermon?"
"Fine. I know a lot of fellows you were hitting
hard."—Detroit Free Press.

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STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS SERMONS

THE NEWS IN JERUSALEM.

That evening, before sunset, some women were washing clothes on the upper step of the flight that led down into the basin of the Pool of Siloam. They knelt each before a broad bowl of earthenware. A girl at the foot of the steps kept them supplied with water, and sang while she filled the jar.

While they plied their hands, rubbing and wringing the clothes in the bowls, two other women came to them, each with an empty jar upon her shoulder.

"Peace to you," one of the new-comers said.

The laborers paused, sat up, wrung the water from their hands, and returned the salutation.

"There is no end to work," was the reply.

"But there is a time to rest, and—"

"To hear what may be passing," interposed another.

"What news have you?"

"Then you have not heard?"

"They say the Christ is born," said the newsmonger, plunging into her story.

It was curious to see the faces of the laborers brighten with interest; on the other side down came the jars, which, in a moment, were turned into seats for their owners.

"The Christ!" the listeners cried.

"So they say."

"Who?"

"Everybody; it is common talk."

"Does anybody believe it?"

"This afternoon three men came across Brook Cedron on the road from Shechem," the speaker replied, circumstantially, intending to smother doubt. "Each one of them rode a camel spotless white, and larger than any ever before seen in Jerusalem."

The eyes and mouths of the auditors opened wide.

"To prove how great and rich the men were," the narrator continued, "they sat under awnings of silk; the buckles of their saddles were of gold, as was the fringe of their bridles; the bells were of silver, and made real music. Nobody knew them; they looked as if they had come from the ends of the world. Only one of them spoke, and of everybody on the road, even the women and children, he asked this question, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?' No one gave them answer—no one understood what they meant; so they passed on, leaving behind them this saying, 'For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.'"

"Where are they now?"

"At the khan. Hundreds have been to look at them already, and hundreds more are going."

"Who are they?"

"Nobody knows. They are said to be Persians—wise men who talk with the stars—prophets, it may be, like Elijah, and Jeremiah."

"What do they mean by King of the Jews?"

"The Christ, and that he is just born."

One of the women laughed, and resumed her work saying, "Well, when I see him I will believe."

Another followed her example: "And I—well, when I see him raise the dead, I will believe."

A third said quietly, "He has been a long time promised. It will be enough for me to see him heal one leper."

And the party sat talking until the night came, and, with the help of the frosty air, drove them home.—Lew Wallace in "Ben Hur."

THE FOURTH WISE MAN

Henry Van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man," published by Harper & Brothers, New York, is an exquisite setting for the Master's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me." It is a story he heard in the Hall of Dreams, of a fourth wise man who likewise saw the star in the east and started in search of the King. He carried with him three priceless jewels as an offering. The place of meeting for the four men was near Babylon at midnight. This fourth one, Artaban, had traveled fast and far when suddenly in the darkness his horse stood still. Dismounting he found a man lying with the chill of death on him. His heart rebelled at the delay. How could he stop to minister to a dying stranger? If he lingered but an hour his companions would think he had given up and go on without him. Should he leave following the star to give a cup of cold water? But with a prayer he turned to the sick man and the hours passed. On arriving at the appointed place the three others had gone on and he must sell his first jewel to buy a train of camels and start on the journey alone. In

time he came to Bethlehem, but the man of Nazareth had fled with the young babe and his mother to Egypt. While listening to the marvelous account from the lips of a young mother whose child lay in her arms, a noise of wild confusion arose in the street and a cry of "The soldiers! the soldiers of Herod!" Artaban saw the mother's agony and with the second jewel he persuaded the captain not to enter the house and the child's life was spared. Then followed years of wandering, down into Egypt and wherever there was any trace of the Nazarene family, and though he found none to worship, he found many to help. In deeds of mercy thirty-three years of his life passed away. He had not forgotten his quest; there was one jewel left, the pearl. He had come at last to Jerusalem, worn and weary and ready to die, but still looking for the King. It was the Passover season, but the multitude seemed singularly agitated. "We are going," they said, "to the place called Golgotha. Jesus of Nazareth is to be crucified, who calls himself 'King of the Jews'." How strangely these familiar words fell on the tired heart of Artaban. They had led him for a lifetime over

land and sea. Was he to find the King at last in the hands of his enemies? He had come in time to offer the pearl for the King's ransom. As he was swept along near the Damascus Gate, a troop of soldiers came in sight, dragging a girl to be sold as a slave. She threw herself at the feet of Artaban, crying out, "Save me from worse than death." Again the conflict, but he took the pearl from his bosom and laid it in the hand of the girl. "This is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

Then suddenly darkness fell and the earth heaved. A heavy tile shaken from a roof, fell and struck the old man. As the girl bent over him there came a voice through the twilight, but the words were lost. The old man's lips

began to move, as if in answer. "Not so my, my Lord! For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or, thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked and clothed thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face nor ministered to thee, my King."

Again the sweet voice came, and this time the maid seemed to hear the words, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, thou hast done it unto me."

There was one long last breath of relief. His journey was ended. His treasure was accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

THE LITTLE DOLLAR'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY

The professor had just received a letter from a friend inclosing a dollar coupon to give the children in our tenement a Christmas tree. It looked like a dollar bill, except that it was so small. The professor smiled as he read the letter. "Little dollar," he said, "I think I know where you are needed." When he went down town he turned off into a narrow street with five-story tenements on either side. Into one of these he went, and, groping his way through a dark hall, knocked at the last door. Several children were gathered round an evergreen branch which they had picked up outside a Sunday School room. They were trying to make a Christmas tree, hanging on it colored pictures torn from an old newspaper. "John put it up," said the mother, as the professor looked toward it. "There ain't nothing to eat on it."

"But there must be, or else it isn't a real Christmas tree," said the professor. "Now here is a dollar which a friend sent you; buy some things for the tree, and a good dinner. Good-bye, and a merry Christmas to you."

The professor was not very far on his way when Mrs. Ferguson was at the grocery laying in her dinner. When she had everything, including two cents worth of flitter-gold, four apples and fine candies, the grocer footed up her bill—ninety-eight cents.

"What's this?" said the grocer, as he laid his hand on the basket. "That ain't no good." "It's all right," said the woman in alarm. "I know the man that gave it to me."

"It ain't all right in this store," replied the grocer. "Put them things back."

The woman's eyes filled with tears as she lifted out the precious bag of potatoes. A gentleman standing by said to the grocer, "It is all right; give it to me. Here is a dollar of the kind you know." The gentleman held the door open for Mrs. Ferguson and heard the shout of the delegation awaiting her.

"I wonder where that came from, now," he mused. "Coupons in Bedford street! I suppose some one gave it to her for a Christmas gift. Hello! Here are old Thomas and Snowflake. I wonder if it wouldn't surprise her old stomach if I gave her a Christmas gift of oats. If only the shock doesn't kill her! Thomas!

Oh, Thomas!" The old man thus hailed was a cartman who did odd jobs, thus picking up a living for himself and his old white horse, which the boys had dubbed Snowflake.

"See here!" said the gentleman; I want Snowflake to keep Christmas. Take this and buy her a bag of oats. And give it to her carefully, Thomas; she isn't used to it."

"Gee whiz!" said the old man, "oats for Christmas! G'lang, Snowflake; yer in luck." The feed man put on his spectacles and scanned the little dollar.

"Never seed one like him," he said. "Peers to me he is mighty short. Wait till I send round to the hock-shop. He'll know."

The man at the pawnshop did not need a second look. "Why, of course," he said, and handed a dollar bill over the counter.

Among the callers at the pawnshop that afternoon was a young girl who timidly asked for three dollars on a watch, evidently a keepsake. "Two dollars," the pawn-broker said decisively. The girl handed the watch over with a troubled sigh. He made out a ticket and gave it to her with a handful of silver change. Was it the sigh and her distress, or was it the little dollar? As she turned, he said, "Here, it is Christmas! I'll run the risk." And he added the coupon to the little heap. The girl looked at it questioningly.

"It is all right," he said; "I am running short of change. Bring it back if they won't take it. I'm good for it." Uncle Sam had achieved a backer.

The girl stood in one of the Grand street stores picking out a warm shawl. She hesitated between a gray and maroon-colored one. "For you?" said the salesgirl, glancing at her thin dress. "No, for mother; she is poorly and needs it." She chose the gray and gave the salesgirl her handful of money. The clerk pushed back the coupon.

"They don't go," she said; "give me another, please." "But I haven't got another," said the girl, looking apprehensively at the shawl.

"The—Mr. Feeney said it was all right. Take it to the desk and ask, please."

The salesgirl took the bill and the shawl, and went to the desk. She came back with

the storekeeper, who looked sharply at the customer and noted the number of the coupon.

"It is all right," he said, satisfied apparently by the inspection; "a little unusual, only. We don't see many of them. Can I help you, miss?" And he attended her to the door.

There was Christmas in the very air, in the street, and Christmas in the storekeeper's till. He thought of it with a satisfied nod as he stood a moment, absently fingering the coupon.

A thin voice at his elbow said, "Merry Christmas, Mr. Stein! Here's yer paper." It was the newsboy who left the paper at the door every night. The storekeeper knew him, and something about the struggle they had at home, and had helped to get him his route.

"Mike, you'll be wanting your Christmas from me," he said. "Here's a dollar. It is like yourself; it is small, but it is all right. You take it home and have a good time."

Was it the message with which it had been sent forth from far away in the country, or what was it? It was just impossible for the little dollar to lie still in the pocket while there was want to be relieved. It just couldn't and it didn't.

Mike stopped round the corner and gave three whoops; then he sidled up to the lighted lamp to examine his gift. His jaw fell when he saw the little dollar. He went in search of the policeman on the block. Mr. McCarthy studied the little dollar with contracted brow, shook his head as he handed it back and rendered the opinion that it was "some swindle that was agin' the law," and advised Mike to take it back to Mr. Stein. But Mr. Stein was busy and not to be seen, and Mike went home between hope and fear.

There was a crowd at the door of the tenement round an ambulance backed up to the sidewalk. Just as he pushed his way through the throng it drove off. A little girl sat weeping on the top step.

"Susie, what's up?" asked Mike.

"It's papa," sobbed the girl. "He's sick, and he was took that bad he had to go, an' tomorrer is Christmas, an'—oh Mike!"

It is not the fashion of Essex street to slop over. Mike took a turn down the hall to think. Susie was his chum. There were seven in her flat; in his four, and two made wages.

"Susie," said he, "you take this and let the kids have their Christmas. Mr. Stein gave it to me. It's a little one, but if it ain't all right I'll take it back and get one that is good. Go on now, Susie!" And Mike was gone.

There was a Christmas tree that night in Susie's flat, with candles and apples, but the little dollar rested securely in the purse of the charity visitor who had come that afternoon, had heard the story of Mike and his sacrifice and had given the children a dollar for the coupon.

"Do you know, professor," said his wife after supper, "I heard such a story of a little newsboy today. It was at the meeting of our district charity committee this evening. Miss Linder, our visitor, came right from the house." And she told the story of Mike and Susie.

"And I just got the little dollar bill to keep. She took the coupon out of her purse and passed it to her husband.

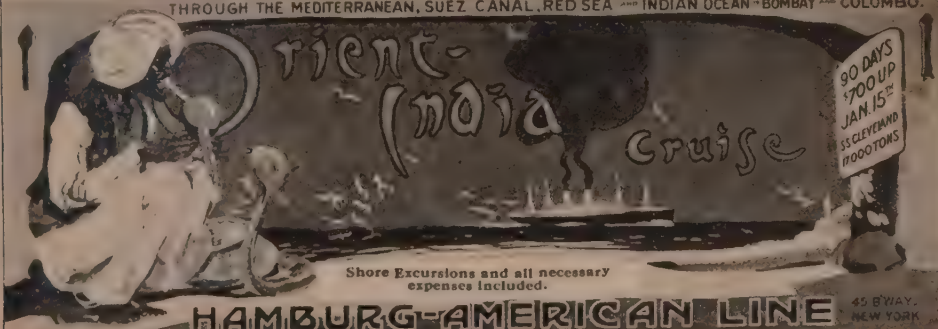
"What!" said the professor, adjusting his spectacles and reading the number. "If here isn't my little dollar come back to me! Where have you been, little one? I left you in Bedford street this morning, and here you come by way of Essex. Well, I declare!" And he told his wife how he had received it in a letter that morning.

"John," she said, with a sudden impulse, and they didn't know that it was the charm of the little dollar working again—"John, I guess it is a sin to stop it. Jones' children won't have any Christmas tree, because they can't afford it. He told me so this morning when he fixed the furnace. And the baby is sick. Let us give them the little dollar. He is here in the kitchen now."

And they did; and the Joneses, and I don't know how many others, had a merry Christmas cheer and good luck wherever it went. mas because of the blessed little dollar that carried Christmas cheer and good luck wherever it went. For all I know it may be going yet. Certainly it is a sin to stop it; and if anyone has locked up the Christmas dollar, let him start it right out again.

Condensed from "The Little Dollar's Christmas Journey," in "Out of Mulberry Street," by Jacob A. Riis. Published by The Century Co., New York.

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METHODS OF CHURCH WORK

BY E. A. KING, D. D.

D ECEMBER, the last month of the year! It is the month of regret for many ministers as they look back over the year that is so speedily passing away. How many things we intended to do! How different is the record from the plan conceived! Yet there are rays of light glimmering all along the pathway.

It is Kipling who reminds us, in his "The Palace," that we are building for others rather than for ourselves. On every piece of work we fashion there should be the inscription, "After me cometh a builder." In the modern pastorate this is terribly true.

In Gill and Pinchot's "The Country Church" we are told that in two counties studied by them the average minister does not regard his task as permanent. We are a shifting company of men and, therefore, ought always to keep in mind, as one of our brother ministers said the other day, that by faithful work today we may make the task of our successors less difficult tomorrow.

But this is too solemn talk for the Christmas season. There are many compensations in the pastorate and as one nears the season of the advent of Christ he should rejoice, as the early apostles did, that he is counted worthy to engage in his ministry. Looking back over the year we hope every one of our readers will have inward satisfaction in counting many victories for Christ.

FROM RALLY DAY TO EASTER.

We are following a plan, "From Rally Day to Easter," and to this arrangement we wish to return. So far we have gotten most of our machinery at work, and this month the "net" is to be drawn at Christmas tide. By "net" we mean that opportunity is to be given for young and old to publicly confess Christ as Saviour. We usually delay this matter until early in the spring or just before Easter, but this year we wish to have two decision days. We shall suggest plans for this in this month's methods.

* * *

Any one who reads this department for the first time is referred back to the October number for an outline of our plan. In a word or two, it is to plan our church work for six months, running from Rally Day in September or October to Easter Sunday. The program is a concerted, continuous one, involving all the departments of the organization with the purpose always in view of making them efficient.

Two seasons of climax are contemplated, one at Christmas and one at Easter, both of which shall be in the nature of decision days for Christ. Thus the month of December becomes a very important month, and the plans

suggested herein are calculated to help the pastor round up this first period successfully.

We have devoted considerable space to the "White Christmas" idea because we think it is the best method ever undertaken, and if one-half of the churches represented by The Expositor readers undertake the plan, a wonderful revival of interest, spirituality, material and moral efficiency will result. Even if it is undertaken in a small way it will pay large dividends.

There is also included in this month a few suggestions concerning law enforcement. One article deals with the subject in general, while the other pictures a real experiment. The church is also considered from the standpoint of efficiency in a special article. General Christmas suggestions are grouped together, and these are followed by the usual church methods covering many varied topics of interest.

* * *

Our family of readers now numbers between twelve and fifteen thousand bright, wide-awake pastors. This is a fine family, isn't it? The editor is undertaking to "break bread" for every one of you, but he cannot do it single handed. Let us, therefore, kindly request the interested reader to send us samples of his printed matter, accounts of church work, lists of successful sermon topics, etc.

Tell us how you raise special funds, how you teach missions in your Sunday School, etc. Do your young people attend your preaching services? Tell us why, and how. How do you keep your prayer meeting going? Let us hear from you, brother, and we will tell the rest of the family. In such ways our department is continued from year to year. Send everything to Rev. E. A. King, 4 South Sixth Street, North Yakima, Washington.

DECISION DAY AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.

In carrying out our connected plan we have arranged for a decision day at Christmas. It is not an altogether new arrangement, for it has been tried in many Sunday Schools and churches with splendid results.

The thing we have in mind is the so-called "white gift" Christmas. It includes more than decision day, but the personal element is put in the foreground. The modern plan is based upon a legend entitled "White Gifts for the King," and runs thus:

This strange country is called Cathay, and the ruler thereof is one Kubla Khan, a mighty warrior, who, by reason of his strong will and trusty sword, has made himself lord of the whole land. His government is both wise and just, and is administered for rich and poor alike, without fear or favor.

On the king's birthday the people observe what is called the White Feast. Then are the king and his court assembled in a great room of the palace, which is all white, the floor of marble and the walls hung with curtains of white silk. All are in white apparel, and they offer unto the king white gifts, to show that their love and loyalty are without stain.

The rich bring to their lord pearls, carvings of ivory, white chargers, and costly embroidered garments. The poor present white pigeons and handfuls of rice. Nor doth the great king regard one gift above another so long as all be white. And so do they keep the king's birthday.

We do not mean that the "White Gift Christmas" is inspired wholly by this old legend, but the thought involved in it is suggestive of unselfish giving. According to Phoebe A. Curtiss, who has written a delightful little volume about this whole matter (Meigs Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 15 cents), the story so stirred the mind of a college girl once that she revised her Christmas shopping list, causing her schoolmates to do the same, and as a result sent a poor college-mate home for Christmas!

The effect of reading the story is to stimulate the unselfish traits and cause one to feel like giving himself to his "King Christ." In the same way a pastor, assisted by his helpers, may arouse his whole church to the desirable point where they will offer gifts of self, service and money.

We have all, doubtless, thought over the history of our Christmas celebrations. In many of them Christ has been left out, or if not actually forgotten, he has been sidetracked. The writer can remember the Christmas tree of early New England days when the gifts were all for the children.

Then there came later two trees, one for ourselves and one for the poor! There were the days of Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa, and days when houses and chimneys and plays filled the mind. During recent years we have seen the wonderful transformations of the old receiving spirit turned into the giving spirit and hundreds of gifts of every sort were made for the poor and the unfortunate.

Now we come to the high-water mark of giving, and the people, children and grown ups, both are asked to **give themselves** to Christ, to consecrate themselves to some useful service and to offer gifts of money for a good cause.

The following account of a "White Gift Christmas" is given by Phoebe Curtiss. She describes the plan as begun and continued by the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of Painesville, Ohio:

About a month before Christmas each year, every member of the school, including those in the Cradle Roll and Home Department, is furnished a white envelope bearing the words, "My White Gift for the King." This envelope is designed to hold the gift of money, but it also contains a slip of paper with suggestions of gifts that may be made. These suggestions are classified under the following heads: Self, Service, Substance, and so varied are they that no one could fail to find one he might accept.

Particular stress is laid upon the fact that these gifts must in every case be over and above all other gifts and in no instance must they detract from the regular gifts.

The first year the plan was thoroughly matured in the minds of the officers and teachers, and through them was made plain to the pupils. Classes held their meetings for counsel and preparation, because each class could designate for what purpose its gift was to be used. Only one stipulation was made—all must be used for others.

The interest in the approaching event took possession of each one; and this interest was stimulated constantly by the attractive notices that each Sunday filled one page of the church bulletin, devoted to that purpose.

At last the evening of the Christmas service came. It was the King's birthday; and with conflicting emotions the company assembled. Some there were, among the older members, who feared that the children would be disappointed if there were no gifts for them. But this fear was entirely ungrounded. Whatever feeling existed at the opening of the meeting, one alone prevailed at the close; and that was a feeling almost of awe at the blessedness of it all.

A large, bright, tin pan was on the table and into that, as the envelopes were opened, the money jingled, and the pile grew until eyes were wide with surprise. Even the most extravagant dreams were more than realized and that first year the gift of money amounted to more than three hundred dollars. That item was a small one, however, when compared with the pledges of service that were made.

The superintendent's voice was unsteady as he read, "I promise to teach a Sunday School class when requested," "I will be more cordial to strangers," "I will seek opportunities for personal interviews with those who have not accepted Christ," and like pledges of service; and we can imagine the feeling of the pastor, as he heard pledge after pledge of decision for Christ and earnest re-consecration to his service.

Each year the method of receiving the gifts is varied, and changes are made in the decorations and other appointments which add to the interest each time. I had the privilege of attending one of these services some years ago and I shall never forget its impressiveness.

It was Sunday evening, just at the twilight hour, and a dim, soft light spread over the great auditorium. There was the sound of music, too, for a set of chimes was concealed in the gallery at the back, and some one was rendering upon them the inspiring old Christmas hymns. No wonder the heads were bowed in reverence as the audience quietly entered and were seated.

At the appointed time the lights were turned on full and then the platform was brought into plain view. It was draped in pure white. The only decorations were Christmas trees, one at either end of the platform. These trees did not have the usual trimmings, but instead they were covered with festoons of white ribbon to which were attached envelopes like the ones containing the white gifts.

After a season of prayer and praise a section of the white drapery was lifted, disclosing a tall, white cross against a black background in the center of the platform. Then the roll of the classes was called, starting with the Home Department and finishing with the Cradle Roll and some representative responding for each class in turn.

The Home Department gave one hundred crisp one-dollar bills and these were fastened upon a long strip of white ribbon, and as the superintendent of the Home Department presented this gift he looped the ends of the ribbon up over the arms of the cross. The amount given by each class was read and the object to which it was to be devoted was stated and then the gift was laid at the foot of the cross. The individual gifts of service were not read, but were in the envelopes and later came into the hands of the pastor and the superintendent.

One class made its gift to educate a boy in China; another, that "uneasy class" of boys, gave fifteen dollars to take care of a child in India; one gave to the little deaconess who meets passengers at the railway station in Cleveland and gives them every possible help; one class of girls gave money to buy a cow for the Fresh Air Camp to replace the one that had died the summer before. All sorts of good causes were found to which they could minister.

Beautiful as were these gifts, however, they could not compare with the gifts of service. One pledged himself to attend prayer meeting regularly; others to assist in prayer and testimony, to welcome strangers, to teach a class, to act as substitute teacher, to serve in Enworth League or Missionary Society, to assist in Home Department work; and some gave the best gift of all, for they gave themselves to the King.

A look into the sparkling eyes and happy faces was enough to banish any fear that one might have had that these boys and girls would be disappointed at the absence of gifts for them. They had learned that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

For six years this school has used this plan and the results can hardly be measured. The financial statement concerning the gift is:

1904	\$ 306.72
1905	451.02
1906	475.02
1907	517.98
1908	619.13
1909	1073.22

One enthusiastic worker in this school writes: "When we began it was a white gift of **Self, Service, Substance**, but it is easy to commercialize this, as it is other plans, so now we make it a gift of **SELF, Service, Substance**."

A very striking demonstration of the value of this plan is furnished by reading some of the personal pledges. One little beginner stonned "sucking her fingers;" another went right to bed when his mother asked him to. One boy refrained from peeping into the Christmas packages that his mother had hidden, although he knew where they were, because he thought of his "white gift."

One boy was carrying in wood to earn his white gift and a delivery man who noticed his enthusiasm asked about it. When the boy explained, the man said, "Well, I'll have to give a nickel to that," and so the interest was started in a new direction.

Last year, one member of the church offered as his "white gift," to go regularly out into the country, to revive a Sunday School that had become extinct; and he promised to take charge of it. He has gone every Sunday since his promise was made and the attendance has increased until now, instead of the six or seven people who were present, there are twenty-five or thirty.

But perhaps the most marvelous instance lies in the case of a member of the Home Department who, six years ago, made this pledge: "I promise our King to look after and take better care of his little ones this coming year." On the very next Sunday this man appeared, at the Sunday School hour, with a company of boys not members of the school, boys who had been entirely outside of the influence of any school. He had searched them out, here and there, and so interesting did he make their work that in an almost incredible space of time the class was so large as to overcrowd the room assigned to it.

The history of this class sounds like a fairy tale, and its recital gives an insight into the lives of scores of boys in that little city. During the six years, two hundred and twenty-eight boys have been enrolled among its members and have come directly under the influence of this earnest man, who found this opportunity for service when he made his "white gift" to the King.

His work is not limited to the Sabbath day. He knows his boys every day in the week. He is a hard-working man, but he finds time to know them in their homes, on the street, at their work, in their play; and he enters into their very heart life. Each year he goes into camp with as many of them as can go, and it is no wonder that the result of his effort is the enlistment of many of these boys under the banner of the same Leader he serves.

Nor does his influence cease with the boys. So close into their lives does he come that he has brought rich blessings, material and spiritual, into many of their homes; and his name is synonymous with all that is kind and helpful in that community.

This particular school has experienced a rich spiritual growth and a marvelous uplift through the keeping of the "White Christmas," and what has been done there can be done anywhere.

An important feature of the work lies in the careful preparation. The mind must be reached and the heart touched with a perfect understanding and appreciation of the aim of the plan and the results to be attained. The minister can do his part in keeping it constantly before the people; the officers have their own responsibilities in carrying out the details; but the success of it finally depends upon the personal touch of the teacher.

Nor doth the great King regard one gift above another so long as all be white! It is

the spirit of the gift that makes it "white;" and this spirit must be kindled through every possible means.

Good use may be made of a story in preparing the minds of the members of the school. No more effective one can be selected than Van Dyke's "Story of the Other Wise Man." For the smaller children the wonder story called "The Great Walled Country" has a fascination.

The compiling of the program is another important factor. The principal part of this program will consist in the reports of the several classes as to the amount of the gift and the disposition to be made of it; but these reports must be supplemented by well-selected musical numbers, Scripture readings and such features.

The Legend of Cathay upon which the plan is based should always find a place upon the program. Toward the close a short address may be given or an appropriate story may be used.

On the birthday of our King, however, there can be nothing more fitting than the Christ story itself, which gains in loveliness and significance with each re-telling.

HOW ONE PASTOR IS WORKING THE PLAN.

Rev. James A. Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Fort Scott, Kansas, is the first to send in a well arranged and concerted program leading up to Christmas. (Since receiving this another has come from Rev. Hugh McClellan, of Richmond, Mo.) Mr. Smith sent out the following letter, October 5th.

Dear Follower of the Saviour-King:

In the remaining three months of the year we observe two of the greatest festivals of the church and nation. It seems wise to take advantage of this time to emphasize the fact that the Thanksgiving spirit is the best possible incentive of heart and mind for the fullest appreciation of Christmas.

Hence we have arranged a series of subjects for the Sabbath morning services with this thought in mind. (See enclosed folder.)

We hope that this will lead to the true Christian observance of Christmas, and that there may be an overmastering desire in the hearts of all to present "White Gifts unto the King."

We spend time, means and energy in preparing appropriate love tokens for our friends. In His name, who gave himself for our redemption, I entreat you to consider his claims to be remembered this next Christmas.

It is he who gives us Christmas and imparts to us the Christmas spirit. May not his name head your list?

The Sunday before Christmas, and at the Christmas entertainment, opportunity will be given for the presentation of all sorts of "White Gifts" unto him: Gifts of SELF, SERVICE AND SUBSTANCE.

Please indicate which of these you are willing to present unto him. Remember that as of old, "The altar sanctifies the gift." Matt. 23:19.

With this letter he enclosed the following list of suggested "White Gifts to the King." As it is so very helpful we print it in full to help other pastors who are undertaking the plan.

White Gift Suggestions.

In order that no one may be at a loss to know of some "White Gift" to present unto the King on his birthday, we mention a few possible ones that we believe will be acceptable to him. These may suggest others. White Gift envelopes will be provided in due time.

I. SELF.

The Corinthians "Gave their own selves." This may be done by:

- (a) Surrendering yourself to Jesus as your Saviour. Become a Christian.
- (b) Consecrating yourself anew to him as your Master.

II. CHILDREN.

- (a) Parents may present their children to the Lord in baptism.
- (b) May dedicate them to the Christian ministry or for missionary service.
- (c) Sunday School teachers may bring their pupils to Christ and church.

III. SERVICE.

In the Church—

- (a) Personal attendance morning and evening.
- (b) Invitation to others to attend.
- (c) Welcoming strangers.
- (d) Visiting strangers and the sick.
- (e) Assist in the mid-week service.
- (f) Co-operate in special evangelistic work.
- (g) Serve on Brotherhood Gospel Team.
- (h) Speak a good word for the church.
- (i) Serve when assigned any reasonable duty.
- (j) Become an active worker in some society of the church.
- (k) Assist in the service of song.

In the Sunday School—

- (a) Personal attendance.
- (b) Study of lesson at home.
- (c) Teach a class when requested to.
- (d) Bring others to Sunday School.
- (e) Help in Home Department.
- (f) Help anywhere needed.
- (g) Assist in the service of song.

In the Christian Endeavor—

- (a) Attend regularly and promptly.
- (b) Take part in meeting.
- (c) Ready to lead a meeting.
- (d) Willing to lead in prayer.
- (e) Ready to serve as an officer or on committee when requested.
- (f) Remain for the evening service.
- (g) Assist in the service of song.

IV. SUBSTANCE.

- (a) Contribute to the church, each year amount \$
 - (b) Contribute to Missionary.
 - (c) Ministerial relief and sustentation.
 - (d) Emporia College.
 - (e) Associated Charities of the city.
 - (f) Deacon's relief fund.
 - (g) Salvation Army.
 - (h) Goodlander Home.
 - (i) Old Folks' Home.
 - (j) Holiness Orphanage.
- Any other charitable or benevolent cause.

HOW TO AID YOUNG PEOPLE TO DECIDE FOR CHRIST.

What we have said so far is all very good, but children and young people will need some personal encouragement. We know of nothing better than the following decision card called, "A Confession of Faith for Young People." It was arranged by Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, D. D., formerly of Walla Walla, Washington. It is as follows:

A Confession of Faith for Young People.

First Congregational Church, Walla Walla, Wash.

I want to be like Jesus
Advancing in wisdom and in stature and in
favor with God and man and I take Him to
be my Friend and Savior.

I am sorry for my sins.
I believe that He is able to forgive me and
to help me overcome whenever I am tempted.

I will try to honor my Savior by being ready
To obey my Parents
To speak the Truth
To be kind to every one
To be cruel to no creature
To love my Country
And to stand up for the Right

I will try
To be helpful in my home
To be faithful in my school
To be true and pure in all I do.

I will try
To say such words as Jesus would have me
say
To read such books as Jesus would have me
read
To do such things as Jesus would have me do.

Praying that I may be given strength day by
day to keep this pledge of love to Him I have
signed it with my own hand.

Walla Walla, Wn.

..... 19

Enough of these cards should be printed to supply the whole school and the best person to present the matter is the pastor, unless the superintendent is a truly spiritual minded man.

SPECIAL NOTE.

To all pastors who are thinking of taking up this "White Gift" idea we would most heartily recommend that they write at once to Meigs Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind., for literature on this subject. We know of nothing better.

SERMONS FOR DECEMBER.

In working out our "From Rally Day to Easter" program it is always assumed that the various activities set in motion on Rally Day are continuing successfully. We add each month some further suggestion leading to efficiency. This month brings us to the first climax, that is, the first decision day, and if properly observed ought to cause several thousands of persons to accept Christ.

We have before us four Sundays and four or five prayer meetings. For Sunday morning sermons we suggest the following:

December 7. The Destiny of Man, Psa. 8.
December 14. Christ in the Heart, Eph. 3:17.
December 21. What is Jesus Christ to Me?
December 28. The Cost of Service, 2 Sam. 24:24.

For evening sermons:

December 7. Two Men Who Were Sorry (David and Peter), 2 Sam. 12:13; Mark 14:72.

December 14. The Greatest Question: Who Dominates Your Life? Phil. 3:7.

December 21. If There had Been no Christmas, Jno. 9:5.

December 28. Settling Accounts (End of the year sermon).

In most churches there are young people's societies and these should not be forgotten. Some of the young folks will attend the regular prayer meeting of the church, but many of them will not. They can be reached best through their own meetings.

The Christian Endeavor Society is interdenominational, and because it is we write of it especially. The prayer meeting topics for December are as follows:

December 7. The Ideal Christian (His Rewards), Psa. 1:1-6.

December 14. Lessons From the Men and Women of the Bible, Heb. 11:1-40.

December 21. The Christmas Spirit and How it May Prevail, Isa. 9:2-7.

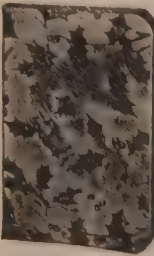
December 28. Our Church at Work for the World, Mark 16:14-20.

The pastor might easily get himself invited to conduct the meeting on December 21. We suggest he take the topic, "How to Become a Christian." At this meeting use a blackboard on which to record the texts so each member can see them and look them up in the Bible. The best effect is produced when the meeting is conducted in the form of a Bible reading. All of the audience reading in concert.

The following texts make a splendid reading with appropriate comments by the leader:

Isa. 53:6; Jno. 3:3; Jno. 3:16; 1 John 5:1; Rom. 10:8-13; Matt. 10:32; 1 Cor. 15:1-4; 1 Jno. 1:9; 2 Cor. 5:17-19.

By making use of this meeting some of the best results of decision day may be obtained.



FOR CHRISTMAS

HOLLY COVERED

NEW TESTAMENT

A limited number of New Testaments in Holly Cover, 12 cents each. 10 for \$1

SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE.
SUITABLE FOR CLASS GIFTS

F. M. BARTON

701 CAXTON BUILDING
CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1914 ARE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. BUY ONE FOR EACH SCHOLAR FOR CHRISTMAS, SAVE ON LESSON LEAVES, AND YOU WILL MAKE THEM FAMILIAR WITH THE TESTAMENT.

GENERAL METHODS

THE DECEMBER PRAYER MEETINGS.

As we are interested in all round church efficiency we suggest that the meeting for the third be devoted to the discussion of church work. This plan is carried out in the First Presbyterian Church at Cambridge, Mass. The pastor devotes each prayer meeting during the month to a discussion of some problem of the church, some branch of the church, Sunday School, or young people's work, or missionary affairs.

In each case the leader is chosen from the work under consideration, as for instance, if the young people's work was being discussed, the president of the Christian Endeavor Society might be the leader, and the speakers would be mostly young people; and those not young people would be confined to the subject of Christian Endeavor. This plan has aroused a new interest in the mid-week prayer meeting.

For the tenth we suggest an acquaintance meeting such as is often held in Mount Auburn Methodist Church, South St. Louis. The nature of the meeting is announced from the pulpit on the Sunday preceding, and all are urged to bring strangers with them, and the new members are personally invited.

The meeting is conducted very much as usual, with possibly some reference in the theme to the meeting. About midway of the meeting a recess is announced, and a genuine social time is introduced, with introductions and greetings. The meeting is then appropriately closed with ten minutes of prayer or testimony, or remarks by the leader. The plan is found to work beautifully, and is a great help in putting new life into the prayer meeting attendance and interest.

On the evening of the seventeenth, the following program may be used:

Topic: Making Disciples.

Scripture: Matt. 28:16-20; Mark 16:14-20.

Speak of the methods of making disciples, assigning one theme to each speaker; for example, the family life, the Sunday School, the church services; evangelistic services, the Christian Endeavor Society, personal influence, the power of music. Ask those present to tell briefly how they were won for Christ.

The twenty-fourth of December is just before Christmas and there is no more appropriate topic than "Love's Offering." Here is a good outline:

Scripture: John 12:1-7. Let the leader sketch briefly the idea of "offering" in the Old Testament, emphasizing the ideal sacrifice in the voluntary offering of one's life to God in the service of humanity, of which Christ is the supreme example. Write this point on the blackboard, "Love's Sacrifice," and call upon others to tell of instances of personal sacrifice that they have known. Assign the following:

Christ accepts all our gifts.

Love's insight and gratitude.

Christ the judge of our deeds. He knows the motive.

Christ the Saviour through love.

Christ the Friend through love.

Christ the King through love.

Write each point on the blackboard. Invite remarks along these lines.

On the thirty-first, the last prayer meeting in the year, an "appreciation" meeting would be very appropriate and helpful. Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D., of the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., describes it as follows:

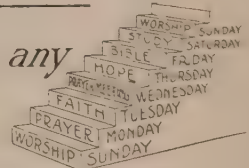
"A profitable mid-week service can have for its subject 'Appreciations,' the idea being that every one is invited to speak of some one Christlike trait or refer to some one Christlike deed which he has observed in any of his fellow churchmen. Of course, no proper names are used, and references are made in such a way that the person referred to remains unknown."

ADVERTISING THE PRAYER MEETING.

The following diagram provided by the Woolverton people, Osage, Iowa, would be wonderfully helpful to many churches:

*You'll have to step on
the Prayer Meeting
step to make it easier*

*Don't miss any
of the
Steps*



THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

"The Family Church on Main Street"

Our Prayer Meeting is on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

A "MANGER SERVICE" FOR CHRISTMAS.

M. H. Marston, Grinnell, Iowa.

The wife of a former pastor of the First Congregational Church of Grinnell, a few years ago founded a service for the Sunday School called "the manger service," to be observed on a Sunday shortly before Christmas. This is a service of giving to the poor and to workers in home missionary fields, to commemorate the gifts of the wise men to the manger Babe. A large attendance is sought, and all are asked to bring some offering.

A rude manger constructed of rough boughs and lined with hay is placed on the platform. The story is winningly told each year, with any other exercises desired; and then by classes the school marches to the platform, and deposits the gifts. Clothing of every sort, bedding, bags of flour and all sorts of food supplies, vegetables and fruits, reading-matter, money, etc., made a very large donation a year ago.

An energetic committee had previously canvassed the needs, and the gifts were distributed immediately to the poor, and were packed for the missionaries, schools, etc. Much good has been thus accomplished, and the givers have been blessed as much as the receivers.—Selected.

To the Primary and Junior teachers is usually assigned a large part of the work of the preparation for the Christmas entertainment. Every one enjoys the children's exercises and they naturally have a prominent part on the program.

It is fortunate for the little ones that there has come a reaction from the old spectacular "show." In many instances it was more harmful than beneficial. This year many schools will observe a giving Christmas and will celebrate the Christ Child's birthday in a fitting manner with song and story and social hour.

Here are a few suggestions for the busy teacher.

Do not try to teach many new songs. If they learned good ones last year, review them and use them again. There ought to be a few choice songs that will be known by all the children to be sung on special occasions.

Be sure that the Christmas story is told or read. It comes with renewed beauty each year. Try to let all the children have some part in the program. This does not mean that each must have a separate recitation but all can help with the singing and concert work.

Emphasize the joy of giving over that of receiving. As the children have appreciated their own gifts in former years, they will take delight in filling stockings to send to orphan asylums or other charitable work.

If possible during the holiday season, have a children's party. This can be made a happy occasion with games, stories, music and light refreshments. The children are not in school now and welcome extra festivities.

Above all, let the good cheer of the season predominate and whether the preparations for the Sunday School entertainment be simple or elaborate, let them be made in the right spirit that these days may store up happy memories for the coming year.—The Conquest.

WHAT TO GIVE CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS.

Last year, in our own school, a reform was instituted in this department of the work. For several months previous, the children had been drilled in repeating the books of the Bible and memorizing Scripture until they had become quite proficient. Thus an interest in God's Word was aroused, and the way opened for more practical work in the handling of the Bible.

On Christmas eve each child of school age was given a Pictorial League Testament. Those between the ages of four and six years received story books entitled, "The Boyhood of Jesus," and "Teachings of Jesus," while to the little tots of three years were given the following: "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," and "Whosoever Shall Give a Cup of Water in My Name."

And this was quite an innovation, the teachers expected to meet with some dissatisfaction on the part of the children; but, so far as we have heard, no such spirit has been manifested. On the contrary, it has given us opportunity to do more thorough work than ever before.—L. D. McKee.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Every pastor will desire to send some message to his people at Christmas. At this season of the year all hearts are tender and kindly disposed. The following message is suggestive and helpful. We think it is from the pen of Rev. Elmer Brown, now of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

We advise every pastor who is thinking of sending a holiday message to his church people or to friends to write immediately to The Woolverton Printing & Publishing Co., Osage, Iowa, for their bundle of free samples. It is the best we have ever seen.

Christmas Greetings

WHAT THE MINISTER WISHES FOR YOU ALL THIS CHRISTMAS TIME.

- A Home whose atmosphere is holiness and whose abiding guest is Christ;
- A Circle of Lovers who warn, soothe and understand;
- A Cluster of Heart-Friends who compel you to be your best;
- A Memory sweet-scented with the joys of other Christmas days;
- A Reverence that clothes motherhood and childhood with divinity;
- A Vision of the splendor which shines in lowliest things;
- A Sympathy which goes out unceasingly towards the weak, the helpless and those who have no friend;
- A Joy that sings through words kindly spoken and deeds nobly done;
- A Generosity, untiring, uncalculating, looking for no return;
- A Peace that will carry you through any confusion with the poise of Christ;
- A Courage which marches ahead over rough roads, against storm winds;
- A Faith which strikes its roots deeper because it has been shaken;
- A Wisdom that is larger for the year's suffering and blundering;
- A Life which makes goodness interesting, beautiful, desirable;
- A Trust which banishes worry, cures complaining and crowds out fears;
- A Heart which never seeks to be greatest, never fears to be least;
- A Love which can fill in the loss of any and all of these and make every day a King's birthday.



HOW TO ENFORCE THE LAW.

It is still a question with many people as to how far the church should presume to go in the matter of politics or law enforcement. Nevertheless all agree that the members of churches are more vitally interested in good citizenship than anybody else and ought to be able in some way to make their wills effective.

One of the best methods we know anything about is a Civic League or Law and Order League. This organization is made up of church people very largely. Usually there are two bodies, one a Woman's League and the other a Men's League. They meet at separate times and places.

The form of organization is very simple. One League we know of grew out of a revival. There had been a good deal of agitation in the town about the evils of segregated prostitution and the liquor business. The subject of gambling had already been discussed. In fact the whole moral character of the city had been up for examination and the conditions were not of the best.

During the revival period a noon luncheon was served daily in the Y. M. C. A. where several hundred business men assembled and took part in an interesting discussion of vital public problems. On the last day the men present wrote their names on slips of paper indicating that they would like to become members of a Civic League to attempt law enforcement and moral reform in the city.

Three men were nominated from the floor to take these slips of paper and from the number select twenty-one to be a board of trustees or executive committee. After this was done these men met and elected officers.

It was the custom for this board to meet weekly at a restaurant, in a private room, for the evening meal. Before these men came invited guests. Once they had the Mayor, at another time a citizen who had made a special study of the social evil. They made personal investigations of conditions, etc. In these ways they became familiar with the city at first hand.

Besides this method of work they held public gatherings of the League, inviting in citizens. Addresses were given on questions of public interest and ways and means of reform were proposed. The efforts of this body culminated in a Local Option Campaign that was lost but it resulted in a very vital restriction of the saloon influence and it educated the people.

As one result the "red light district" was abolished by the Mayor. Gamblers were driven out of the city, etc. About the same time a police matron was employed by the city, a city nurse was set to work, a juvenile probation home was established, a curfew law enacted, and the public dance halls licensed and regulated.

Not all of this grew out of the revival and not all of these reforms resulted from the Civic League. There had been a spirit of reform in the air before this. Local pastors had very greatly helped and the brotherhoods in the local churches had done much to change the moral sentiment.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement was then putting some vim into men's activities and everything was propitious for a real reform. All these things worked together to produce good results.

The funds to carry on this work were provided by membership fees and personal subscriptions to the League treasury. The powerful influence of the League resulted from the combined, federated moral and religious force of the churches of the city, and this is why we are telling this story.

This League was dominated by laymen all through, and committees of laymen visited the Mayor, the Commission, the prisons, etc. The ministers were large factors in guiding the movement but wisely kept in the background.

Such work can be done anywhere, but there must be a true spirit of unity among the churches, good leaders among the men, and church people to stand back of the movement with their votes.

HOW TO TRAIN THE CHILD TO GIVE.

Giving money to benevolent objects is as much the result of habit, perhaps, as of principle. The following suggestions from the publishers of the famous "duplex envelope" (Richmond, Va.) ought to interest many pastors and church boards as they face the new financial year:

"To try to interest, as the great Missionary organizations are now trying to interest, the

adult, the grown-up church-goer, in Missions—in the evangelization of the world—is an excellent thing. It is a duty of the deepest and most vital spiritual significance to ourselves, as well as to the beneficiaries of such awakened interest; a duty solemnly and specifically enjoined upon us all by the Founder of Christianity.

"But it is not the whole duty enjoined upon us, nor can that duty be best fulfilled by confining our efforts, or even the greatest part of our efforts, to those who are already grown. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' This is a psychological and pedagogical, as well as a spiritual truth.

"Vitality to interest in Missions the adult of tomorrow, we should first begin to interest the child of today. The two methods should proceed *pari passu*—side by side—together. As we are trying to educate and interest the child, we should be trying to educate and interest the parent. And by neither method alone can we hope to succeed eminently. By neither method alone can we hope to awaken a universal interest among churches of all denominations in the overwhelming importance of the evangelization of the world.

"In recognition of this truth we have prepared a Duplex System which we believe will effect in the Sunday School even more beneficial results than our regular Duplex System has effected in the church. You may not agree with us in the views we have just expressed, but if you are really, truly, vitally interested in the spread of the Gospel, in the cheerful, spontaneous, liberal support of Missions, as well as the local church, you cannot afford to remain in ignorance of what has been said in support of the Beginners' System for which we contend.

"We suggest that you send us your name and address and we will gladly send you several interesting little booklets on this question. We should also be glad to send an 'illustrative unit,' free, of the Beginners' System if you would care to see one."

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

The January number of *The Expositor* will have a special article and opinions by leading men on the above question. If you have any statistics, general facts, etc., which you can condense into 250 words, send them along and help us make this the greatest number ever issued. You may wish to plan for a sermon on the subject for some Sunday in January.—The Editor.

Better Than Being Saved.

I Cor. 1:9; Phil. 3:10; I John 1:3.

A happy Christian one day met an Irish peddler, and exclaimed: "It's a grand thing to be saved." "Eh?" said the peddler; "It is, but I know something better than that." "Better than being saved?" said he. "What can you possibly know better than that?" "The companionship of the Man who saved me!" was the unexpected reply.

SERMON TOPICS.

The Game of Life

Six Straight Sermons to
Young Men and Women

Pilgrim Congregational Church

Sunday Evenings, at 7:30

Minister: HUGH ELMER BROWN

DATES AND TOPICS

- December 8—"Every Man a Player"
December 15—"The Rules of the Game"
December 22—Musical Festival
December 29—"The Training Table"
January 5—"The Coaching Staff"
January 12—"The Grandstand"
January 19—"The Goal"

Everyone welcome. Splendid Music.

Bring somebody with you.

HOW TO MAKE DISINFECTANT.

Every church needs free and copious use of disinfectant. The following directions for making it in quantity may be of help:

- 50 gal. water.
- 12 pounds of carbolic acid (liquid).
- $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. zenoleum.

LETTING THE LIGHT SHINE.

The Congregational church at Dickens, Io., has an unusual way of letting its light shine before men. The church steeple is sixty-five feet high, and on the top is a large arc electric light, the current paid by the town, and every night in the year that light shines and is seen in that prairie country for miles around.

In this community the need of a job printer led Rev. Mr. Waudby to borrow a press, and he did not only the parish printing, but so much work outside that the profits free the church from any expense. It is a happy illustration of how a wide-awake man can ally himself with the public interests and come to be known as a real public servant.

HOW TO SECURE HYMNALS FOR THE CHURCH.

Rev. H. C. Shipley, pastor of the M. E. Church, Wyoming, Delaware, has forwarded us the following letter sent by him to members of his parish. It explains itself:

"Dear Friend:—

"We would like to give to our church a Donation Party, and you are invited to take part. The Pastor made a strenuous effort to get a sufficient number of Hymnals for the entire congregation but the number we have is inadequate. The book racks have been supplied.

"Will you kindly donate a Hymnal to the Church, and write your name on the little

label enclosed and put it in the envelope marked 'for the pastor?' and return to him. This label will be pasted inside the book and will show who presented it. You need not pay a cent for 30 days then hand the Pastor only 53 cents and it's all over. Thank you."

A SQUIB FOR YOUR CALENDAR.

Do what you can, being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot be a star,

Work like a pulley, if you cannot be a crane,
Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot be a train:
Be a pliant oar, if you cannot be a sailor,
Be a little needle, if you cannot be a tailor,
Be a cleansing broom, if you cannot be the sweeper,

Be the sharpened sickle, if you cannot be the reaper.

A REMARKABLE INVITATION.

The following beautifully written and very effective invitation stands on the calendar of the First Parish Congregational Church of Brockton, Mass:

"We bid you welcome to this temple of our common Father. Here the stranger will find a home; the poor, a Friend; the rich, a Saviour. Sorrow will enter these doors and be comforted. The tried and tempted souls of men and women will here find hope and strength for the battle of life. And to him who seeks to serve his fellow men we give a noble place and task."

SPLENDID SUNDAY NIGHT SERMON TOPICS.

At Palo Alto, California, Rev. Mr. Campbell has been giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on the subject, "Heroic Battles with the Unseen Forces." He used four books as illustrative material:

The Fight with Prejudice. Mary Antin's "The Promised Land."

The Fight with Darkness. Helen Keller's "The World I Live In."

The Fight with Ignorance. Booker T. Washington's "Working with the Hands."

The Fight with Emptiness. Dell H. Munger's novel, "The Wind Before the Dawn."

HOW A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS HELPED THE PRAYER MEETING

Rev. A. O. Elliott, Canton, Ill.

The Ladies' Sunday School class took charge of one of the midweek prayer meetings recently and their efforts were successful. Four members of the class were appointed to stand at the door, and welcome all who came.

All the members of the class invited their friends to make a special effort to be present that evening. One of the ladies presided over the meeting. Several of the ladies took part in the program. Two special musical numbers were furnished by the class. There was a brief word by the pastor and the Sunday School superintendent.

After the meeting light refreshments were served. The social hour developed and deepened acquaintances in the church. The meeting helped all who attended. The most

good came to those who actively helped in the preparation for the evening.

UNIQUE SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS.

Smith and Jones put hard questions to the pastor of the First Baptist Church of North Yakima, Washington, and he will undertake to answer them on Sunday evening.

Smith and Jones want to know:

Whether the present day "woman movement" is to help or to hinder the cause of morals and religion?

Whether the Bible has greater moral and spiritual authority than other great books?

Whether it makes any difference what a man believes, just so he lives right?

Whether a man who really thinks today can be religious?

Whether the church of the present day is of much use to the masses of common people?

Whether it would not be better for the churches to let politics alone on the theory that church and state should be separate?

Because Smith and Jones stand for a multitude of people who persist in asking such questions nowadays, Dr. H. L. Boardman will do his best to answer them in a fair and impartial way, beginning with the first one next Sunday evening, October 26th. All who are interested in the answers to these questions are invited.—Yakima Daily Republic.

AN EFFICIENT MINISTER.

The measure of a minister, according to The Ohio Congregational News, "must be his general efficiency. Talmage's church disappeared when he left the city. From the point of view of organized Christianity, such men are not efficient ministers. They are poets.

"Poets are valuable beyond compare, but who could ever read the poets if patient pedagogues did not everlastingly teach? When some ministers leave their churches you at once say: 'There is a man who had a hard work and did it well. Things grew. He had invention, alertness, adaptability. He made his church stronger in its teaching function, in its business, in its missionary work. He taught the people to co-operate, and to like one another. He is an efficient man—to be trusted with delicate mechanisms like churches. He knows his business. The Master will honor such as he.'—Exchange.

HOW TO INTEREST MEN IN MISSION STUDY.

All attempts to enlist men in missions should recognize these three principles:

1. Men will not remain interested permanently in missions who do not become students of missions. Inspirations, passion and activity cannot be maintained unless the facts of the world's need, the tidings of the coming Kingdom and the opportunities for investment are forever knocking at men's hearts and wills.

2. Expression always deepens impression. One of the great values of the missionary discussion group is that it gives men a chance to talk back. Constant repetition of his convictions and of the facts learned deepens the con-

viction and fastens the facts. Missions fairly bristle with the biggest and most thrilling topics of discussion.

3. All educational processes should issue in, and be tested by, practical missionary activities. What more practical way to train the missionary committee, or to prepare for the every-member canvass, than a series of meetings, perhaps around a luncheon or supper table, an hour a week for five or more weeks, using some missionary book as a basis of the discussion?

Here then is an opportunity to change life currents, to develop leaders and to capture men for the Kingdom and it should not be turned aside lightly. Your men await your decision. It is your move.—W. E. Doughty.

KEEPING THE PRAYER MEETING TEMPERATURE HIGH IN THE COLD OF WINTER.

Mr. E. S. Dixon of Bottineau, N. D., tells us how Rev. G. W. Barnum of the First Presbyterian Church of that town kept up unflagging interest in his prayer meeting. He conducts a service known as the "school of religion," just before the prayer meeting hour.

The course to be studied in the school is decided from time to time by popular vote. For one quarter the topic was the history of Presbyterianism. This service brings the people into a prayerful, thankful attitude.

During the coldest part of the winter the meetings are held from home to home; as a result the minister has avoided any falling off in numbers, though the temperature has been 45 degrees below zero. The school has proved a help in getting the young people out.

WHAT CHURCH MEN CAN DO FOR THE FOREIGNER.

Responsibility for the stranger within our gates has taken such hold on the Men's Forum of the Central Falls Congregational Church, Rhode Island, that they have opened the Star Theater, Pawtucket, on Saturday evenings for the instruction in citizenship and American life for neighbors of foreign speech.

In seven languages cards of admission and invitation were issued. Three Roman Catholic churches and one Jewish congregation co-operate with announcements. Great confidence was engendered that divisive or mooted questions of creed and labor would not be presented.

The splendid congregation of 1,500 foreign faces of all ages attested the interest. On the platform was the mayor, and ex-governor, lawyers, physicians, educators, clergymen. Addresses followed in four or five languages and patriotic songs by a dozen Polish men.

On invitation 300 arose as showing the attendance of Polish people; then fifty Greeks, fifty Armenians, Syrians, Italians and others. To secure subjects in moving pictures that would be valuable, Edison had been visited and the National Board of Censorship had been interviewed.

The church has fully backed the pastor, the real originator of the project. Deacons were at his shoulder on the platform. Congrega-

tional ministers of the state are conducting the services at the church during the five evenings.

The people of the Central Falls Church said in the pastor's call:

"We can together do aggressive work in advancing the cause of Christ in our community and state." The vigorous Men's Forum of seventy-five members last January with expert speakers discussed on two Sundays, The Proper Observance of the Lord's Day and The Improvement of Public Education, and the civic theater plan of service was then devised.

The pastor is thoroughly persuaded that "we can have common ideals in American citizenship by so making known our great common principles of liberty and fraternity that each citizen will be fit to partake of the holy communion—that so will come the kingdom of God on earth."

He is greatly in earnest as he sets about making his ideals real in a very practical way. His enthusiasm has swept into common cause a large body of men within the church and without. He does not hesitate to utilize the secular to advance religion, as will be seen—Congregationalist.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.

Dr. Mark A. Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

It is absolutely essential to the safety, peace, harmony, and progress of our cities and land that our people be taught to be law-abiding, law-respecting, and law-loving. Men ought to respect law as the sovereign rule of action. Then it will be an easy matter to enforce the laws, statutes, and ordinances.

The easiest law enforced is the criminal law. Put on the bench upright, intelligent, fearless, courageous, Christian judges. Put pure men in the mayor's chair. Put in your prosecuting attorney's office and in your chief of police's position the most consecrated, fearless, courageous Christian citizens you can find. Then give these judges, mayors, prosecuting attorneys, and policemen the encouragement, support, and sympathy righteous citizens ought to give their faithful servants.

Carefully obtain the evidence, and unrelentingly enforce the law against the property owners on whose domain vice of any kind may exist. Don't let the so-called business ramifications, political connections, social influences or insidious lobbyists prevent you from reaching the higher-ups, the respectable rascals, the church deacons who rent their property and condone vice because they receive a direct or indirect revenue from it. It is just as easy to clean a large city as a small one. It is only a question of the evidence, the integrity of the officers, and the intelligence and righteousness of the juries.

Every city in this land would be cleansed, if you would break the political connections with your financial and business institutions now manned by so-called reputable citizens. The poor felon who illegally sells liquor, or lives off the earnings of a fallen character is easily caught. He has the mark of Cain upon his brow—he cannot escape.

But the infamous degenerate in the bank, in the store, or in the high places of society, who prevents the operations of law against him, is ten thousand times lower in the scale of depravity and is a million times greater menace to the government than the depraved wretch whom he protects and against whom he prevents the operations of law.

HELPING TO SOLVE THE RURAL PROBLEM.

A great many of our readers live and work on the rural field. It is not an easy position to hold. The salary is usually small compared with that received by the average city pastor but living is cheaper in the country and a pastor can get along on much less than his city brother.

As the city pastor must meet and conquer the peculiar city problem so must the country pastor meet and solve the rural problem. He can move away and leave the problem behind, but that is not a solution. We believe the rural minister ought to realize that new times demand new methods.

He ought to inform himself concerning the modern movement looking toward the restoration of the country to its rightful place. Such a book as Butterfield's "The Country Church and the Rural Problem," would give him a point of view. The little folder issued by the Northern Baptist Convention on "The Town Program," with its suggested "survey" would be wonderfully helpful.

We know of a physician who goes every year to some special school where he studies along his chosen line. In this way he keeps abreast of the movements in the profession of medicine. Professional men consider a few dollars invested in modern books absolutely necessary. So it is or ought to be with the minister. It is not a luxury but a necessity to provide one's self with proper tools.

The Macmillan Company of New York have recently issued two fine books along these lines: namely, "Educational Resources of Village and Rural Communities," edited by J. K. Hart, and "The Country Church," by Gill and Pinchot. The former contains a splendid chapter on "The Religious Life of the Country." This book is calculated to be a handbook for use not simply a story to read.

The Association Press, 124 East 28th street, New York, has issued a volume of its "Messages of the Men and Religion Movement," with special reference to "The Rural Church." (Vol. VI) With these books in hand a man may sit down to his task and bring to bear the light of much wisdom upon his own local problem.

Pushing Providence.

"Not my will, but thine, be done" (Luke 22: 42). A man pushes a wheelbarrow before him with all his might. Will he think that the barrow is leading him? But men push the providence of God before them with all the energy of a determined will, and then talk of providential leading. No man is prepared even to discern the hand of God until he has laid his own will at the feet of his Lord.

BOOK LIST

One or more books of value to the minister will be mentioned here each month. Only those requested by the editor will be considered.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE AS I KNEW HIM, by the late Dr. Talmage, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., pp 539, blue cloth, \$3.00.

This is a very interesting story of a uniquely successful minister told in Talmage's own attractive style for his family and friends. Any pastor would find it worth reading.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS AS INTERPRETED BY JESUS, by Wm. Byron Forbush, published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y., pp 81, paper covers. In two parts, one for teacher and one for pupil. These are intended for Sunday School classes of young people about 16 years of age. We prize them highly and are adopting them in our own school.

WHAT NEXT IN TURKEY? by David Brewer Eddy, published by The American Board, Boston, Mass., red cloth, pp 192, 12 pictures. Published at cost, 25 cents plus 8 cents postage. This is a splendid book calculated to be used in Mission Study Classes, the Sunday School, Young People's societies and in the church prayer meeting.

THE BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.

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Did you ever see the wreck of a train? What a loss! Did no one any good. But did you ever realize the loss of mental power in the wreck of a train of thoughts? You get an idea or an inspiration from a sermon and it goes through your mind forty miles an hour. Pretty soon some question arises. You need a fact, the meaning of a text, an illustration, a quotation. If you cannot find it at a glance you have to slow down, and finally stop while you search through one volume after another in your library. The steam escapes, the fire goes down and the train of thoughts is stalled or wrecked.

"The Bible Encyclopedia," by having the right information in the right place, where you can find it, has saved more wrecks of trains of thoughts than any railway device ever invented. We will send you a full set express prepaid for ten days' trial. Put it on your desk and use it. It will save you hundreds of steps in that time and also prevent the wreck of many inspirations. If, however, it fails to satisfy you in any way, and is not even in that short time more frequently consulted than any set in your library, return it express prepaid.

Take all the commentaries in your library, all the books of illustrations, all the books of quotations, then take all the notes you have made in Shakespeare, Browning and your general library. Put the min the scales of practical use. On the other balance we will put the five volumes of the Biblical Encyclopedia. It will give you more information in less time than all the others put together.

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RELIGIOUS REVIEW OF REVIEWS

CURRENT EVENTS AND LITERATURE USEFUL TO THE PREACHER

Mrs. Anna W. Bruner of the First Presbyterian Church, Belvidere, N. J., has been a Sunday School teacher for seventy-eight years.

Rev. Wallace H. Miner, graduate of Drew Theological Seminary this year, has been appointed superintendent of Methodist Sunday School work in the Fukien province, China. He is the son of a missionary, so spent his boyhood in Foo Chow and is able to speak the Fukien dialect. He will co-operate with the missionaries in the Sunday School work of that district. Through institutes he will instruct the pastors in effective methods of Sunday School organization of activity. Training courses will be introduced. An effort will be made to secure and train special workers among the native Chinese who will go into the field to aid the native pastors in their local Sunday Schools.

Out of the 260 Eskimos who own reindeer in Alaska, two are women. One of these has received the title of "Reindeer Queen of Alaska."

"Queen Mary" owns a herd of 1,303 deers. The usual contract made with the government, requires one to train three apprentices and to give to each the customary number of deer. She has trained and rewarded eight or ten apprentices, and at the present time has another under her care. She long since discarded the igloo, or native hut, half underground, in which she was born, and now lives near Nome, in a cabin of logs.—*Christian Herald.*

Rev. William Hayne Leavell, D. D., lately pastor of the leading Presbyterian Church (U. S.) in Houston, Tex., has been appointed minister to Guatemala at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Dr. Leavell was born at Newberry, S. C., in 1850. He studied theology in a Baptist Seminary, but preached later in a Congregational church in Boston, from which field he was called to a Southern Presbyterian pulpit in 1893. For the past twenty years he has been a prominent man in Texas and his people erected for him one of the finest church buildings in the Gulf states about 1898.

The only sermon Congress ever ordered printed as a public document is one on "World Peace under American Leadership," by the Rev. T. M. C. Birmingham.

The Rev. Dr. Gross Alexander, for some years editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* of the Southern Methodist Church and formerly a member of the faculty of Vanderbilt University in Nashville, has been added to the teaching force of Garrett Biblical Institute of the M. E. Church, in Evanston, Ill.

Reed B. Freeman, the owner of the factory burned in Birmingham, N. Y., where thirty workers lost their lives, has closed out his business, paid his debts and distributed his property among the families of the dead and is to make a new start for himself in life. That is pretty good for a man of sixty-five, who prefers a good conscience to an established position in life and a bitter memory.—*The Continent.*

A few generations ago a Huguenot lady named Michaux married a Mr. Woodson and settled in Virginia. Among her descendants are now thirteen missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church, sixteen Presbyterian ministers, not missionaries, and twenty-one women who married Presbyterian ministers.

NEWS.

In the last twenty years the Christian population of India increased by about 70 per cent, while the Hindu population increased by only

about 4½ per cent, and the Mohammedan population by about 16 per cent.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels, despairing of an appropriation from Congress sufficient to put a chaplain on every battleship afloat, is now urging the Young Men's Christian Association to put one of its secretaries aboard every vessel under the flag. The great \$2,000,000 bequest of Mrs. Butterfield for army and navy work will likely be used in part for this purpose.—*The Continent.*

From every part of the country come indications of close co-operation between denominational agencies. In South Dakota, four Congregationalists met with the Presbyterians, and a committee of three from each denomination was asked to agree upon a settlement. The result is that Congregationalists yield Lead, with its church building and parsonage, to the Presbyterians in exchanges for the Edgemont field, with its church building and parsonage, Viewfield, Vale and Spearfish Valley, each with a church building, and the Empire mission field.

The Woman's Auxillary, of the Protestant Episcopal Church presented to the Foreign Mission Board the splendid sum of \$307,500 at the great convention on October 9. The offering was taken at Holy Communion, and when the gifts were all in the bills stood in a high pile on the altar and overflowed to the floor, the gathering of the local societies for the last three years.

Ohio has a board of censors to pass on the moving picture films exhibited in that state. Among the reforms to be instituted in the beginning, is the discontinuance of all exhibitions of murders, safe-cracking, train robberies, attacks on policemen by criminals, or similar scenes which bring the law into disrepute. Pictures with vulgar suggestions are also to be barred.

The pastor of Park Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., has a motion picture machine in his church, operated Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. At one service it was found that 343 of those present were church members, representing twelve denominations, while 757 were non-churchgoers. The collection that afternoon was \$17.98, in which there were four quarters, fifty-six dimes, 139 nickels and 193 pennies, showing that 40 per cent of the audience gave something. The exercise began with prayer, and an anthem. The sermon consisted of comments upon the sacred pictures. Hymns thrown upon the screen were heartily sung by the people. The pictures from *Pilgrim's Progress* were so popular the series had to be repeated. The pastor believes he has at least solved the problem of a congregation.

A correspondent of the Northwestern Christian Advocate thinks the extension of the time limit has not extended the length of the pastorate in the Methodist church very much. In the appointments of the Illinois Conference there are 160 "first year men," and 14 who go back for their fifth, or more, year. There was one "eight year man," and that is the highest. This out of 308 appointments.

Immigration for the year ending June 30, is all but record-breaking in spite of the Balkan wars. Only the year 1906-7 surpasses it. The countries that sent the most are: South Italy, 231,613; Poland, 174,365; Germany, 80,865; France, 20,652; England, 55,522; Ireland, 37,023.

There were debarred 15,662 men and 4,276 women. There were 8,302 Japanese admitted.

Officials of the Treasury Department estimated that there are 425,000 persons in the nation who will pay the tax on incomes of \$3,000 and over. Of these about 100 have an annual income of over a million dollars.

The expense of an actual war in money and in human life is frightful. In the first Balkan war Bulgaria lost 80,000 out of 350,000 men with an expenditure of 240 million dollars. Greece lost 10,000 out of 150,000 men and the expenses were 56 million dollars. Servia sent 250,000 men to war and 30,000 were killed; she spent 124 million dollars. Montenegro furnished 30,000 soldiers of whom 8,000 were sacrificed with 3 million dollars spent. Turkey lost 100,000 men out of 450,000 and the loss in money amounted to 322 million dollars. 745 million dollars spent in order that 228,000 men might be killed.—Eugene S. Lucas, in the **New York Times**.

The physical requirement, that men and women should rest one day out of seven, has brought about the campaign in Kansas against the big Sunday dinners. The Domestic Science teachers of the schools enlisted the aid of the Domestic Science students throughout the state, and the big Sunday dinner is going out. The movement was started a year ago at the University of Kansas, but it now has the support of every high school and college with Domestic Science courses.—**Gospel Messenger**.

The total budget for all departments of the Missionary Education Movement for this year is about \$62,000, of which \$17,000 is not yet secured.

Most of the missionary work among Mohammedans is carried on by the American churches, the Congregationalists in Turkey, Bulgaria, and Albania; the Presbyterians in Syria and India; the United Presbyterians in Egypt and India; and the Methodists in India. Never before were the spiritual needs and opportunities among the Moslem peoples so great.

The Albanians, by decision of Europe, have been given autonomy—on paper at least. They number 2,000,000, some say 3,000,000, the majority of whom are classed as Moslems. Many of their leaders declare that as Mohammedanism was forced upon them, now they are free they will repudiate it. They have suffered so much at the hands of the Greek church they declare they will never become Greek. They so fear Austria and the Roman Catholic church that they say Catholicism can never be their religion. They now look to Protestant England and America as their only hope.

In Detroit the work of caring for the spiritual welfare of foreigners has been divided among the churches. The Presbyterians look after the Italians and Hungarians; the Congregationalists, the Poles; the Methodists, the Armenians; the Baptists, the Slavs and Roumanians.

All Christian missionaries in China are exercised over the sudden and surprising development of a deep laid plan to force into the constitution of the new Chinese republic a clause reading: Confucianism shall be the state religion of China, but religious liberty shall be accorded to all the people." The missionaries have been quite taken off their feet by this outbreak of Confucian sentiment, because every one had taken for granted that the national government, constructed on American models, would be impartial among the varying religions in China. But Dr. Chen, the author of a book entitled "The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School," had all the while been organizing under ground a conspiracy in behalf of Confucianism.

Though dazed at first, the friend of the American ideal of religious freedom have rallied and appointed a strong committee of seven, with headquarters in Peking, who are setting afoot a great national agitation to protest against Chen's shrewd propaganda.—**The Continent**.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, narrowly escaped destruction by fire lately. "The Cavalier" stained glass window was destroyed. It was recently purchased and cost \$1,000. The Sunday School organ, cost \$2,500, was destroyed. The church was being repaired, and as the fire started at the lunch hour, it is thought that a workman's carelessness in smoking might have been the cause. The church records and Beecher portrait were carried out by volunteers and saved.

Japanese citizens in Seattle have established a scholarship in the negro institute in Tuskegee, Ala.

The American schools in Manila are offering opportunities in modern education to Chinese students. It costs them less to reach Manila and to live there, than in the United States. In some Philippine schools instruction is given in republican methods and principles. Industrial training is given in all schools.

The Salvationists of Java have contributed \$20,000 to the General Booth Memorial Fund, to be used for the establishment of an eye clinic at Semarang. This will be in charge of a famous Danish oculist, Dr. Wille, who, after his conversion, entered on Salvation Army service in Java.

During the late Chinese revolution many fugitive Manchu ladies were succored by missionaries. Among them were the daughter of the notorious Yo Hsien, the Boxer Governor of Shansi—the man who ordered and personally witnessed the massacre of the missionaries in 1900.

Reform of Oriental Alphabets. A committee of Chinese scholars have formulated a new alphabet of forty-two characters to take the place of the present archaic and impracticable script. The new alphabet is, in its base, Latin, with modifications and additions from the Greek and Russian. Efforts will be made at once for its official adoption.

The people of India with their motley scripts are in equal or greater need of a fundamental alphabetical reform. Though there are only fifty-three elementary sounds in all their languages, the types employed probably amount to 20,000, and these are not only complicated but deadly to the eyesight.

What is needed is an immediate Romanizing of all the scripts of India.

A group of Chinese coal miners in Shansi were found studying a smoke-begrimed Gospel of Mark. Bought by the father of one of them years ago, it still serves for instruction where no missionary has yet come.

A Boys' Congress of 430 boys was held in connection with the Ohio State Sunday School Convention at Lima.

A man who eighteen years ago as a country boy walked into the First National Bank at Sullivan, Ill., and applied for the position of errand boy, became the custodian of nearly \$100,000,000 when on October 11 Irving Shuman took the oath of office as assistant treasurer of the United States in the Federal Building in Chicago.

Rev. William Wilkinson, known in New York as the "Bishop of Wall Street," invited three of the Western Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church who have been in attendance upon the convention of that church in New York City to assist in one of the noon-day services for workers in downtown offices, which he conducts in Wall Street. They were greeted by a "congregation" which almost blocked the street and which showed a ready interest in the service.

The Bible Society tells of unprecedented sales in China. People now feel free to buy, being sure that the possession of Christian books will not bring any trouble to them from the authorities. At one of the great Peking fairs Mr. Strong, a society agent, sold on an average a

thousand copies a day for twelve days. Chinese bookstores now feel it necessary to have Scriptures in stock. Hundreds of Bibles sold to students, formerly an intensely anti-foreign and anti-Christian element. In some government schools the pupils are demanding to know the teaching of the Bible, and teachers are forced to add the Bible as a text-book to the curriculum.—**Christian Work & Evangelist.**

In 1912 the American Bible Society put into circulation 4,049,610 books, 399,734 Bibles, 713,891 New Testaments and 2,935,985 Portions, in more than a hundred different languages. The whole budget of the Society for the current year is \$813,400.

To cover this there is the interest on funds held by the American Bible Society, under the general name of "Endowment." The total amounts to a little more than \$2,500,000, of which the interest is about \$125,000 a year. This sure income of about \$125,000 is the backbone of the Society's budget. The sale of books will bring in about \$250,000. Legacies may probably keep up to the average of the last ten years and equal \$100,000, and rents from the Bible House may yield \$10,000 net. About \$323,000 must come from donations made by Auxiliary Societies, from individual gifts and from church collections, if the work now in hand is to be carried through. And this implies stony refusal by the Society of all cries for help in new directions.—**The Congregationalist.**

Sabbath School Statistics. at the World's Sabbath School Convention at Zurich. The number of schools for the world was 297,866, a gain of 11,864 over 1910; the total enrollment 28,701,489, a gain of 690,295 over 1910. Sixty-three nations or dependencies have not reported schools or members. Full reports would probably make the enrollment 29,000,000 in round numbers. The percentages of enrollment to population are interesting. All that rise to 10 per cent or above: Samoan Islands, 29.1; Marshall Islands, 26.5; Great Britain, 21.2; Fiji Islands, 18.33; New Foundland, 17.8; United States, 16.8; Labrador, 15; Montserrat, 14.6; Antigua, 13.8; Porto Rico, 12.7; Canada, 12; Jamaica, 11.2; Ellice Island, 10.2. Great Britain has nine of these and the United States two. The dependencies of the United States not named above, show, Alaska, 3.8; Hawaii, 6.31; Philippines, .62. Of the larger territorial divisions, North America has 15.3; Oceania, .16; West Indies, 2.7; Europe, 2.8; Africa, .3; South America, 1; Malaysia, .1. The percentage of Europe is kept down because the Lutheran Church has not adopted the Sabbath school and because no account is taken of the Roman Catholic Church, as the parochial school is not a Sabbath school. There was a gain in the triennium of 1907-1910 of 30,456 schools and 2,973,358 in enrollment. There have been gains in North America, Central America, West Indies, Europe, Asia; while there have been losses in South America, Malaysia and Oceania. The figures for Africa were those of 1910, no later being available. The gains for the United States were given as 3,826 for schools and 931,016 for total enrollment. The gain of schools in Great Britain was given as 790, and for enrollment as 175,603. The figures show a gain in Asia of 8,113 schools and 316,818 in enrollment.—**United Presbyterian.**

SOCIAL.

Protection against lead poisoning has been obtained from the legislatures of three great lead-using states, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Missouri; industrial diseases made reportable in seven more states (total fifteen), a basis for the prevention of occupational diseases; a weekly rest day secured in New York and Massachusetts; similar bills pending in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin and Connecticut; better factory inspection provided in more than a dozen states; compensation for injured workmen secured in seven additional states.

Christ's Cure for Industrial Strife was the only cure that has ever worked or ever will, namely, brotherhood and unselfishness. As long as employers are selfish and unjust, or as long as employees are unfaithful and unreasonable in demands, so long there will be strife. And no new social orders, socialism, communism, co-opera-

tive commonwealths, hold any cure within them apart from this same spirit of Christly unselfishness, honor and good will. Socialism, if men still remained selfish, might become as corrupt as governments and corporations are now. Transferring control of production from one selfish group to another would effect no salvation. It is here that socialism needs to put more emphasis today. A new economic order, even though it be a better one, will not bring justice if selfish men administer it.

Eighty miles from Pittsburgh, among the Slavs and Bohemians in the coal mines and around the coke ovens, a country pastor with four churches has built near one of them a neighborhood house. The lower floor has a gymnasium, bath rooms, dressing rooms, and steam heating apparatus; the upper floor is the auditorium. The pastor calls it his "melting pot." It is where Slavs and Bohemians and Americans are being melted together in Christian citizenship. Four miles from this neighborhood house the same pastor has a similar building. Toward its construction the Frick Coal Company has given \$1,200 in materials and labor, not as charity, but "because such work makes for a stable and industrious population."—**The Survey.**

Dr. Robert F. Y. Pierce, pastor of the Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, has established, in connection with his church, a medical department with clinics for eye, ear, nose, throat and teeth. It is equipped with a staff of physicians and nurses.

The Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon has made eight hours and twenty minutes the working day and \$9.25 the minimum wage for adult women clerks, also compelled the closing of mercantile establishments at 6 p. m. all through the year, thus putting an end to Saturday night and Christmas week evening shipping.

Child Labor.—Over a million children are at work in some two hundred occupations. Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, says that all the girls and at least nine-tenths of the boys who leave school under sixteen years enter low-wage industries and remain unskilled workers throughout their lives. About one-half of these now at work under sixteen are white American children, one or both of whose parents are native born. The Connecticut State Commission, among 11,000 women and girls representing fourteen racial groups, found a larger percentage of Americans with American fathers among the workers under sixteen than among the older workers. The Federal Report on the Condition of Woman and Child Wage Earners in the United States makes a similar showing. Of the twenty-eight racial groups of 93,000 workers, only four races, one-tenth of the total, had a larger percentage of workers under sixteen than the native white Americans. Of all the workers of all races in twenty-three industries in seventeen states, one in twelve was under sixteen years; of the American workers, in the same industries and the same states, one in eleven was under sixteen. The National Child Labor Committee suggests that it would be well for all industrial states to follow Ohio, which has a law forbidding employment in factories and several other occupations to boys under fifteen and girls under sixteen years.—**Christian Work and Evangelist.**

The "Committee of Fifteen" has recently published a long list of the names of owners of property in which are disorderly resorts and unlawful saloons within the city limits of Chicago.

In Cleveland this fall 108 classes in citizenship, with an enrollment of 483, have been established. Trips to public buildings and addresses by prominent citizens has been the method of instruction, and pamphlets on Cleveland, state and national government distributed. Library cards have been applied for by 151 foreigners during the month, and applications for ninety-eight first naturalization papers filed.

With the assistance of the Travelers' Aid, City Immigration Officer Cole obtains the name, age,

parents' name, address and nationality of every child as he comes from an immigrant train, and communicates his information to Truant Officer Alexander McBane, who sees that the children are registered in public or parochial schools within a reasonable length of time.—The Plain Dealer.

The status of rural education is a matter of concern to all people, whether urban or rural. If people remained in the community or county or state in which they were educated, the problem would be local. The fact is that they do not remain there; probably at no time in the history of the community has there been a greater movement than during the past ten years from one community to another, from the country to the city and from state to state. Figures furnished by the United States Bureau of the Census show that in 1910 only 66.5 per cent of the total population were then living in the state in which they were born; 18.8 per cent were born in other states, and 14.7 per cent were born in foreign countries.—The Chautauquan.

The Japanese community in Fresno, Cal., protested against the Chinese gambling dens and secured municipal action closing them.

In 1870 there were only 55 Japanese in the United States; today there are more than 93,000.

We put a higher valuation on the Polish immigrant when we remember that the Pole is a fellow countryman of Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy; Chopin, the noted composer; Paderewski, the famous pianist; Sienkiewicz, the distinguished novelist, and John Sobieski, the heroic deliverer of Vienna and of Europe from Turkish invasion.

TEMPERANCE.

The United States Census report (1900) shows that in prohibition North Dakota 74 per cent of the families own their own homes, but in her more favorably situated twin-state, license South Dakota, only 69 per cent are home owners.

In Massachusetts, according to the twenty-seventh report of the state board of charities, a study of her 33 cities showed that the cost of pauperism averaged 79 per cent higher in the license than in the no-license cities.

A comparison of the records of Worcester, Mass., for the license year 1907-8 with the no-license year 1908-9 (not fully free from drink, since it was impossible to stop liquor shipments from outside) showed that under license the total number of arrests was 48 per cent and the number of assaults 53 per cent higher; there was more neglect and non-support of families by 12 per cent; there were 69 per cent more patients in the alcohol ward of the hospital and more deaths by 400 per cent; and the deaths from all causes were 20 per cent higher than under the no-license regime.

Prof. Adolf Meyer, of Johns Hopkins University, recently stated that while insanity is rapidly decreasing in Maine, it is enormously increasing in comparable sections of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

In Kansas, according to Ex-Governor Stubbs and other authorities, the first few years of prohibition in that state saw a decrease of 45 per cent in divorces; 96 counties have no inebriates and a number have no criminals or have no paupers, insane or feeble-minded; the death rate, only 7.5 per 1,000 inhabitants, is said to be the lowest in the world.—Scientific Temperance Journal.

It is not without its tragic aspect, the fact that the two most sacred events of a man's life, his marriage and the birth of his first child, should be chosen by his friends as the occasion to make him drink.

According to Dr. W. C. Sullivan, 55 per cent of the children of alcoholic mothers are still-born or die before attaining their second year. Nor is that high rate of mortality the end, for of the children which survive infancy some 4 per cent are epileptic, and many more have the peculiar degeneracy of brain and nerve that supplies the sad army of the mentally defectives.

Year by year the taxpayers are called upon to feed and clothe a number of individuals who, far from being able to take their share in bearing the country's burdens, are nothing but a drain upon its resources. It is from these mental defectives that the largest proportion of criminals arises. It is to be observed also that the feeble-minded having less comprehension of the difficulties of life and less sense of responsibility, tend to marry early and to have disproportionately large families.—Scientific Temperance Journal.

Emperor William of Germany comes out flat-footed as a total abstinence man. And here comes the king of Norway, announcing himself as in favor of nation-wide prohibition. Nor are he and Kaiser William alone, for here are some more crowned heads of Europe who drink no wines: The King of Spain, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Queen of Holland, and the King and Queen of Sweden.—Am. Issue.

This summer Kansas experienced the worst drought in years. Her wells and streams dried up, her live stock died, her crops were destroyed but there is no call for help. The governor of Kansas has issued a statement to the effect that the world need not waste sympathy on Kansas, since she holds a deposit balance in her banks of more than two hundred millions of dollars. She has kept her money instead of spending it in saloons and in taking care of the saloon product. What is the matter with Kansas now?

If we are going to get rid of the poverty, the bad housing, the dirt, the recklessness, the lax morals, the brutality of the slums, we must certainly remove these people from the drink trade or the drink trade from the people. Very much else, indeed, will remain to be done. But until we deal very drastically with the drink, all other reforms will be either impossible or futile.—Bishop of Lincoln.

The encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country.—John Ruskin.

The United Temperance Societies of Sweden, whose president is Prince Oscar, brother of the reigning king, definitely propose the enactment of laws forbidding the liquor traffic throughout the realm. The prophecy of competent observers is that national prohibition will be attained in Sweden within a comparatively brief period.

The International Sunday School Association has asked for one million total abstinence pledges from the United States by the next International Sunday School convention, June, 1914.

The Poor Man's Club.—In New York City over one million dollars a day are spent for drink over thirteen thousand bars, by between one and two million men.

It is not alone that these men are seeking to satisfy? If so, every grocer would sell liquor. Three-fourths of the saloon's patrons come from a craving for human fellowship.

The saloon is near at hand, is brightly lighted, has a swinging door, is open every hour the law will allow, and has a cordial welcome for every one.

Half the saloons in New York have free-lunch counters. Many have bowling alleys, but the game becomes so engrossing that the men forget to drink, and the alleys are not so popular with the saloonkeepers as with the patrons. There are club-rooms or alcoves in connection for games or political discussions.

Thousands of visitors go to the saloon, are driven to it, because they know of no other place which will welcome them. In a word, the saloon is the poor man's club.

Never can liquor be abolished until we give ample guarantee that the integrity of the most precious thing in the laborer's life will be preserved. The moment other means are provided for satisfying the universal instincts for social life and recreation, so that the millions of men

who now rely upon the saloon may satisfy their social impulses without buying liquor, that moment the backbone of the saloon's power will be broken, and not until then.

To replace 13,000 saloons would require millions of dollars. But the church membership of New York City represents enough money to buy out all the saloons in the world—if they cared enough about that "diviner order on earth," for which they pray.—Condensed from The Survey.

GENERAL.

Women have arrived—in industry, in education, in politics. They pervade all domains of life, not passively as adjuncts, but with a sense of equal rights and a feeling of new-found destiny.

This is a tremendous fact. In our age of social transformations what other social process is of equal import? It would be a great thing if we could abolish child-labor. It would be an immense achievement if all public utilities could be brought under public ownership. But what is that compared with a forward movement in which half of the entire nation is surging up out of the semi-seclusion of the past, out of a world with a fair but narrow horizon, out of self-imposed limitations of purpose, and marching out into a future which none knows or understands? This thing through which we are passing is a social revolution. . . . Older women agree that girls talk less modestly, dress less modestly, and act less modestly than formerly. It is not simply an increase in sincerity and freedom of self-expression. It is a loss of control. Family authority, religion, and the customs of their sex used to hold wayward impulses in restraint. These restraints imposed from without have weakened, and many have no self-restraint to offset the loss. So they follow their desire, "go the limit," lean over the barriers that are still left, and prod temptation to come and tempt them.

Here the fashions in dress, the spread of smoking and drinking among society women, the forwardness of half-grown girls, the conscious exposure at summer resorts, and the success of sex novels have symptomatic value. Something new seems to be going on around us, and it is closely connected with the emancipation of women. They are earning their own living, going and coming and keeping their own hours like men, and apparently they are gravitating toward similar sexual standards.

I believe in the woman's movement and have always supported it. I trust in its ultimate workings. My point is that all who wish it well must be prepared for the inevitable concomitant evils in it and resist them. In her old relations of wifehood and motherhood woman has all the inherited instincts and traditions of centuries to make her wise. The feminine virtues in the past were not all due to superior personal character, but largely to the inhibitions imposed by the social institution of the home and the clear standards of conduct prescribed in a comparatively stationary social life. The movement into freedom means a severe test of women, singly and collectively, a test like that which comes to us all at adolescence—a wider field of action, increased liberty, larger duties, untrod paths, unknown passions and temptations.—Walter Rauschenbusch, in The Biblical World.

In the Boston Public Library is Sargent's famous mural painting of the Prophets. The prophets were men of their time, strong, virile, red-blooded men. They were far-sighted political economists; they were wise conservators of public interests. Above all, they were men of vision, able to interpret to their own people the spiritual significance of the age in which they were living.

The worst thing about Sargent's painting is its popularity. It either answers to the general idea of what the prophets were, or it finds the public mind such a vacuum on that subject that it is ready to adopt the idea. So there stands on many a mantel, and is hung in many a hall, that hideous row of howling derelicts, chiefly studies in drapery. Does any one suppose that pallid, haggard, bloodless men like those could

have stirred the moral depths of their own time and created ideals which have remade the world?

The prophets were preachers of righteousness, guided by the Spirit of God to interpret God to their own generation, and to find the spiritual truth of current events in the life of the world. The world has small need of priests, but it has perpetual need of men of the prophetic mind and heart.—The Advance.

American Laborers.—The secret (of there being no Americans in some industries such as mining) is that with the insweep of the unintelligible bunk-house foreigner, there grows up a driving and cursing of labor which no self-respecting American will endure. Nor can he bear to be despised as the foreigner is. It is not the work or the pay that he minds, but the stigma. This is why, when a labor force has come to be mostly Slav, it will soon be all Slav. The bosses say that the sons of the immigrants "are above their father's jobs."

The truth is that the school and other civilizing agencies have turned Michael's son not against hard work, but against the contempt with which his father's kind of work is tainted. But for the endless stream of transients, with their pig-sty mode of life, their brawls and their animal pleasures, the stigma on the work would vanish, and the son of the immigrant would be willing to inherit his job.—E. A. Ross, in The Century.

That Socialist speaker is an Italian, as are many of these garrulous and inflammatory street-corner orators. Like the larger percentage of his race, he came here out of sorts with Romanism, and unwelcome to the Irish and French Catholics. If the priests had been good to him, he could have been reclaimed. If the Protestant churches had tried, they could have led him to Christ. But no man cared for his soul, and his blasphemy is the penalty for Christian neglect. Some of the most fiery Socialist incendiaries are Italians who "might have been," if we had done our duty. Now they are up in arms not only against the Latin church, but against all churches; and the worst of it is that they readily influence others to believe as they do; for the average Italian, oppressed in the homeland, pins faith on what is said by these fellows. When he returns to Italy, instead of carrying the gospel in his heart and hand, as he might have done, he carries these strange doctrines. The Italian who comes here Christless is easily led to Christ—and as easily led to Socialism.—W. H. Morse, M. D., in Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Italian Catholics.—The greatest question confronting the Catholic Church in America is the defection of the Italian immigrant population. The Catholic Citizen (Milwaukee) estimates that while thousands have been attracted to the Protestant churches, tens of thousands "have drifted into the non-churchgoing class." A Protestant Italian-American, Rev. Mr. Testa, declared in 1908 that "not 5 per cent of the Italian population of New York goes to church."

Facts which show how "the Protestants have perceived an opportunity in the situation" are given by The Citizen.

"Some ten years ago the Protestants saw the need of training a native ministry for work among the Italians. The Methodists alone claim (1913) to have sixty ordained Italian ministers working under their banner. The Presbyterians and Baptists claim each nearly as many more.

"Counting in with the ministers the lay workers we believe that there are today more Italians working under the banner of Protestantism in the United States than there are Italian Catholic priests in the United States. Rev. Mr. Testa (1908) lists twenty-three Italian Protestant churches and missions in Greater New York. The number of Italian Catholic churches in Greater New York in 1908 was 19.

"Dr. Morse estimates the number of Italian Protestant churches in the United States at 250. He has had actual communication with 214 of these, including 46 Presbyterian, 40 Baptist, and 38 Methodist. We can not count more than 150

Italian Catholic churches in the United States (Catholic Directory, 1913).

"So that Protestantism actually has more churches and missionaries among the Italians of the United States than has Catholicism. Rev. Testa, of the Brooklyn Italian mission, reports over 1,000 converts. Of the 461 members who have joined the Italian church on Ohio street, Chicago, during eleven years, 435 were formerly Roman Catholics.

"The Christian Intelligencer claims that 'the great movement among Italians in America in the last five years shows almost a stampede from Rome. The officer in charge of the work in the Methodist Episcopal denomination told me that in his denomination alone there are now sixty churches and chapels east of the Mississippi where the preaching is in the Italian tongue. The Presbyterians have fully as many more, and nearly every other denomination will supplement the list in proportion to its size. There is hardly a rescue mission in which the Catholics do not form from one-third to one-half of the workers.'"

Hiram Johnson was orphaned as a boy, grew up illiterate in southern Missouri, joined a Confederate guerrilla company in 1863. Years after, in prison, he said: "I was paid for killing men, for shooting, on sight, men who had never done me harm. The more men I killed the better soldier they called me. When the war was over I killed one more man. I had reason this time. The man was my enemy and had threatened to shoot me, and that's why I shot him. But then they called me a murderer, and shut me up for the rest of my life. I was just eighteen years old." Such was the story of Johnson's life. Such the teaching of war.—Winifred Louise Taylor, in Scribner's Monthly.

If C. B. or L. Howes, representing themselves as sons of Rev. C. J. Howes, appeal to you for financial aid, write to Rev. Orlando L. Sample, pastor Broadway M. E. Church, Hannibal, Mo.

Men's Bible Classes.—Into the field of social and industrial problems many Men's Bible Classes have ventured in recent years. A hundred or even fifty years ago church-going people would have been shocked at the thought of discussing on the Lord's Day and within the sanctuary such themes as Child Labor, Marriage, Industrial Peace and Constitutional Reforms. But instead of wrestling with the old problems of unpardonable sin and irresistible grace, the nature of the atonement and the reach of future punishment, many adult classes are now handling subjects talked about every day in the homes, in the shops, in the restaurants and on the train.

We do not regret this change of emphasis. It undoubtedly allies with the Sunday School many men who would not be attracted by the older type of Bible class. But we should dislike to see the newer subjects crowd into the background the distinctly Biblical and religious themes, and we believe that the constant effort

should be to discuss secular topics in the light of the spirit and teaching of the Bible. The character and ultimate purpose of the leader many impart to the discussion of the problems of society and industry that element which differentiates a group of Christian men from a purely secular order.

We must make more men realize that the contents of the Scripture and the light they throw upon problems of human existence deserve the attention of mature minds.—The Congregationalist.

Revivals and Evangelists.—The Federal Council Evangelistic Commission met recently in Atlantic City. Reports were made from twenty-one denominations. Of this meeting The Congregationalist says: "If the Congregationalist feels ashamed to admit that fully one-third of the churches of his denomination report no additions on confession of faith, he may at least have this doubtful consolation that most of the others have no better report. Even in the southern churches, where the Baptists and Methodists 'enjoy revivals the year around,' the ingathering of the unsaved has been meager enough to send them to their knees in prayer. The Southern Presbyterian Church had become so humiliated that it instituted a series of conferences with a marked result on the returns of the following year. The Reformed churches of America report that they had lost as many in two years as they had gained in three, at which rate it would take but fifteen years to wipe them off the map. So they began a crusade and while in 1910 they added but 731, in 1911 they added 3,000 and in 1912 they added 6,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church, which, from the days of Wesley, has been evangelistic or nothing, has issued an appeal for a ten per cent increase this year.

"The present-day evils and perils of the modern revival were freely and fairly dealt with. Proposals to make a list of evangelists whom the Federal Council could approve for free reference; to influence the denominations to greater care in commissioning these pastors-at-large and to recommend only those of the highest spiritual and moral integrity; and if possible to provide that either the denominations or the Federal Council should guarantee their salaries and all collections and sales of hymn-books should be done by the council or denomination, were all referred unanimously to the executive committee for investigation and further report.

"Dr. Biederwolf, the new general secretary of the commission, with Rev. W. H. Roberts, D. D., of Philadelphia, as the chairman, outlined this policy of activity: To secure and distribute literature of the very best among the churches; to secure in the theological seminaries regular classes and lectures upon pastoral evangelism, or to found a training school and to supervise evangelists by requiring certain training, to prohibit the publishing of the number of conversions, preventing sensational advertising and in some way taking the financial remuneration out of the hands of the evangelists themselves."

Magazine Articles of Value to Ministers

The Biblical World, October. 25 cents.

Some Moral Aspects of the "Woman Movement." Walter Rauschenbusch. The Message of the Miracles to Modern Minds, George Henry Hubbard.

McClure's Magazine, November. 15 cents.

Shockless Operations, Burton J. Hendrick.

Ladies' Home Journal, November. 15 cents.

The Sheltered Woman and the Magdalen, Jane Addams. The Country Girl in the City Church, by a City Pastor.

The Century, November. 35 cents.

The Militant Women—and Women, Edna Kenton. The Old World in the New—Economic Results of Immigration, E. A. Ross. The Battle with the Slum, Jacob A. Riis. The Struggle for College Democracy, John Corbin. Our Disorganized Diplomatic Service, James D. Whelpley. What Shall We Talk About, Agnes Repplier.

The American Magazine, November. 15 cents.

The Glory of Panama, Ray Stannard Baker.

Suburban Life, November. 25 cents.

Why not Church Unity—Now? A Plea for United Action in Matters of Civic Welfare, Harold J. Howland.

Harper's Magazine, November. 35 cents.

Religious Beliefs of the Eskimo, Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The Art of Mutual Aid, John L. Mathews.

Scribner's Magazine, November. 25 cents.

The Ascent of Denali—Mr. McKinley, Archdeacon Hudson Stuck. The Man Behind the Bars, II, Winifred Louise Taylor.

The Atlantic Monthly, November. 35 cents.

The Call of the Job, Richard C. Cabot. War, Bernard Iddings Bell. Equality Before the Law, Adelbert Lathrop Hudson.

North American Review, November. 35 cents.

The Problem of Ulster, Sydney Brooks. Bulgaria and the Treaty of Bucharest, Svetozar Tonjoroff. The Vision of Gettysburg, Robert Underwood Johnson. Our Supervised Morals, Louise Collier Willcox.

PRAYER MEETING DEPARTMENT

The Mid-Week Service.

A woman came to a missionary at Bangalore, asking him to interfere and prevent a certain native Christian from praying for her any more. When asked how she knew that the Christian was praying for her, she replied: "I used to worship the idols quite comfortably, but for some time past I have not been able to do so. Besides, he told me at one time that he was praying for my family, and now my son and two daughters have become Christians. If he goes on praying, he may make me become a Christian, too. He is always bringing things to pass with his prayers. Somebody must make him stop."—The Missionary Herald.

I. HOLY DAYS OR HOLIDAYS.

Ex. 32:5, 6, 17-19; 1 Cor. 11:20-22; Neh. 8:9-12; Luke 2:10, 12.

Expository notes.

Ex. 32:5, 6, 17-19. This is the story of a day which was proclaimed to be a feast of Jehovah. But it proved to be a feast, not of Jehovah, but of a golden idol, celebrated with rioting and dissolute revelry. So was a holy day degraded. 1 Cor. 11:20-22. These verses tell of a New Testament abuse of a sacred feast. The eucharist was celebrated at first at the close of a meal of fellowship, called a "love-feast." But at Corinth disorders crept into this holy feast. There were selfish ostentation, and gluttony on the part of the rich, causing envy and humiliation among the poorer. There was even drunkenness.

Neh. 8:9-12. The governor proclaims a holy day of thankfulness for the knowledge of the Word of God. He also gives instructions how it is to be kept with gladness. They are not to be selfish, but in the midst of their own plenty their poorer brethren are to be remembered. We see here the application of the "social conscience." It is to be a joyful, unselfish holy day, not a pagan holiday.

Luke 2:10, 11. Here is the announcement of the great event which we are soon to celebrate all over the civilized world. How will we celebrate it? Sanely, or in a mad rush of work and shopping which will leave everybody exhausted and irritable?

Shall our gifts be those of love for our friends and sympathy for those poorer than ourselves, or gifts of ostentation, and selfish bargaining? What will we teach our children by our words and deeds?

Will it be a worship of the Christ-child, or of Mammon?

Will our Christmas be a Christian holy day or a pagan holiday?

Plans for Our Meeting.

Topics for Discussion.—Gifts to the Christ-child himself. Gifts of service. Shall we make Christmas a burden? Ideal gifts. Mistakes in planning for Christmas. What does Christmas mean to present-day children?

Thoughts on the Theme.

Christmas is not a day, it is a mood.—C. E. Jefferson.

We must break away from all the extravagance which has crept in, and return to the simplicity of former years. Christmas gifts must cease to be thought of for their intrinsic value, and be regarded as simple expressions of love and good fellowship. The financial burden of them should be entirely eliminated, and the spirit of good will alone considered. Then will the Christmas season be a time of real joy and good cheer; of love and the simple, unadorned expression of it between those in whose hearts it really exists. The dollar mark will be taken off, and the imprint of the Babe of Bethlehem put on.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A little Jewish girl from the East Side of New York, who worked in a store during the holiday season, met with an accident, and was ministered to in her sufferings by a trained nurse. She looked appealingly into the face of the nurse, and asked, incredulously, "Is it true that you are a Christian?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, she replied, "You are so polite and gentle, I didn't think you could be; but then, the only Christians I've seen are Christmas shoppers."

It is sad that the shopping tours of the Christian mothers of America are not as much in harmony with the spirit of the Christmas season as their home life or their church life. Is it not strange that many good Christian people reveal all their unlovely traits of character at the bargain counter? What a Christian represents should be nowhere more evident than in buying and selling and should be as apparent to the tradespeople of the community as to the pastor and the fellow church member.

In preparing our Christmas presents, let us get ready to give some of the things which Jesus gave. Along with the many gifts which have prices, let us give a few which are priceless. Let us give thought to someone who needs it, sympathy to someone who craves it, praise to someone who deserves it but does not get it, kindness to someone whom the world has overlooked, affection to someone who is starving for it, inspiration to someone who is fainting because of the lack of it. One's Christmas does not consist in the abundance of the things which he receives or gives away, but in the spirit of good will which filled his heart.—C. E. Jefferson.

II. NAMES GIVEN TO JESUS.

Luke 1:32; John 1:41; John 3:13; Isa. 7:14; Rev. 5:5; John 1:29.

Expository notes. General background.

Many names and titles are applied to Jesus in the Bible, each one expressing some characteristic or office of his. We have selected seven of those most used, or especially typical, to comment on. In our day names are entirely arbitrary, registering only some trait, or abode, or occupation of a long-forgotten ancestor, the meaning of which has long since slipped away. But in ancient oriental times names had a significance understood by all. Often, like modern nicknames, they suggested some trait or circumstance of the possessor.

Expository notes. Word studies.

Luke 1:31. "Jesus." This is the real name; the others are rather titles. The word is the Greek form of the Hebrew Joshua, "the salvation of Jehovah." It was a common Jewish name. The name was given to impress the reality, to keep the fact in mind.

John 1:41. "Messiah, Christ." The Hebrew and Greek form of the English word "Anointed." Both the Hebrew high-priest and king were anointed with oil as a part of their consecration to office, as is the English king today. So the words suggest the kingly and priestly claims of Jesus.

John 1:49. "Son of God."

John 1:51. "Son of man."

Two contrasting titles used of the Messiah. They express the two aspects of Jesus' nature. "The phrase, Son of Man, in all four gospels is invariably used by Christ himself of himself as the Messiah, over eighty times in all."

John 1:29. "Lamb of God."

Rev. 5:5. "Lion of the tribe of Judah." Again we have two contrasting titles, expressing two contrasting qualities. The lamb is the very type of meekness and submission.

The lion stands for unconquerable strength and irresistible power. Jesus was not weak because he was meek.

The first phrase recalls Isaiah's fifty-third chapter, with its wonderful picture of sacrifice, the second phrase suggests Jacob's dying blessing and prophecy, and its delineation of Judah as a lion's whelp, nay, a lion, even a lioness, strongest and most irresistible of all.

Plan for Our Meeting.

Ask each one to come to the meeting prepared to read one or more Bible verses containing some name of title applied to Jesus.

Topic for Discussion.—The significance of the different titles or names.

Thoughts on the Theme.

The angel said to the virgin-mother, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus;" and that today has become the greatest of all names. Great name! Divine name! It is the Life of the church, the Light of the world, and the Hope of humanity. "His name shall endure forever."

Nathanael could clothe the Messianic idea only in Jewish titles, "Son of God," "King of Israel." The true expression of the idea was not Hebrew, but human. It is man as man; not Jew as holier than Greek; not free-man as nobler than bond-man; not man as distinct from woman; but humanity in all space and time and circumstance; in its weakness as in its strength; in its sorrows as in its joys; in its death as in its life.—Watkins.

Christ is at once the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," and "the Lamb that was slain;" the Jewish conqueror and the Christian sacrifice.—Croly.

Judah was the regal tribe, and famous for its warlike exploits; distinguished by a succession of illustrious princes and conquerors, the descendants of David, who were at most but the forerunners and representatives of an incomparably greater personage, the Son of God, who, after he had vanquished the powers of darkness, was to be invested with an everlasting dominion, that all nations, tongues and people should serve him.—R. Hall.

The form of this figure of the lion came from remembered sights and sounds in the far-away Syrian mountains, but its substance came from an energy, courage, and might that were to burst upon the world in still increasing splendor through successive generations, yet incomprehensible to the wisest prophet in advance of their historic development.—Newhall.

III. STORY OF A HYMN.

Col. 3:16.

"O God, our help in ages past."

The walls of the church have been built to music. A revival of faith has generally meant a revival of singing. Luther and the Wesleys were hymn-writers, and the Reformation and the eighteenth century revival were led by music and hymns. Real Christian unity dwells not in creeds, but in hymn-books.

"In the Apostolic Church one meets with the recognition of the value of hymns when the Apostle Paul exhorts his Colossian disciples to the use of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Their use in controversy is hinted at in Pliny's letter to Trajan, where he refers to the Christians as singing hymns to Christ as God. The story of the Gnostic controversy was virtually a battle of the hymn books. In the Arian campaign of the fourth century the people were indoctrinated even more by song than by sermon. During the Dark Ages, when Christian doctrine was almost wholly obscured under the gloom of very unchristian life, it was not by preaching that the truth was kept alive, but by the creeds and anthems of the church in the ritual of the mass. In the awakening under Luther, it was not Luther's sermons, but Luther's hymns, which alarmed the Church of Rome, when it discovered, to its dismay, that 'the whole people was singing itself into the Lutheran doctrine.'"

These scenes were repeated in the English revival under the Wesleys. Making every allowance for the eloquence of its preachers, it remains true that the hymns of Methodism had an even wider bearing and a more general acceptance. Two classes of people were almost impenetrable to Methodist preaching—the very wise, who differed from Mr. Wesley, and the

very poor, who were too ignorant to understand him. But both the contentious wise and the understanding poor were amenable to Methodist song.—C. M. Stuart, in the Epworth Herald.

One of the great hymns is Isaac Watts' "O God, our help in ages past," a rendering of the first five verses of the ninetieth Psalm. John Bright and William Cullen Bryant both thought this the best hymn in the language, and it is said to be Mr. Asquith's favorite hymn.

Joseph Parker once described the funeral of Gladstone in Westminster Abbey, which he called the most impressive public ceremony he ever attended. It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone was devotedly attached to the state church, the Church of England. Dr. Parker says:

"No nonconformist took any part in the national function. Archbishop, bishop, deans, rectors, vicars and clergymen of every degree were properly there in great numbers. How could any nonconformist be present in such an assembly? But is it true that no nonconformist took public part in that grand festival of appreciation and sorrow? On reflection, I correct myself. A nonconformist took one of the most impressive parts in the solemn ritual, though I am not sure that his name was given on the program.

The archbishop, the prime minister, the lord chancellor, the leader of the House of Commons, the leader of the opposition, together with ten thousand others, sang, as with one voice, to the accompaniment of organ thunder:

"O God, our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast

And our eternal home."

Right nobly and gloriously did the grand hymn sound and resound in that echoing and echoing abbey; and that hymn is by Dr. Isaac Watts, one of the foremost nonconformists known to history.

When I think of the singing of that hymn by all classes and conditions of men, I must recall the remark that no nonconformist took public part in the interment of the illustrious statesman."

How deeply this hymn has entered into the life of the English people the writer saw when attending the closing exhibit of the great historical pageant at Oxford in 1907. For three hours the spectators had watched the wonderful panorama of life unfold, and after the three thousand players—kings, queens, scholars, saints, roundheads and puritans—had passed across the open space before the grand stand, each acting his part in a costume of historical accuracy, the whole vast company of players in their various garbs gathered in the open meadow before the spectators and between them and the Isis, which is here crossed by a bridge of stone. As they took their places and looked up at the assembled thousands one saw Father Time appear close to the stand. Thereupon the three thousand actors wheeled toward the bridge: four trumpeters beyond the Isis, in costumes of Charles II.'s day, lifted their bannered trumpets and began to play "Dundee!" At the same moment the stream of life began slowly to cross the river, which wound through the meadow, and Time swept them on by the rhythmic waving of his scythe. One could see that the whole multitude of spectators was thinking how

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,

Bears all its sons away,"

and the whole vast company sat and wept as if at the funeral of the race. We wish Watts could have seen it. No one who saw it will ever forget it.—H. D. Jenkins, in Christian Work and Evangelist.

Plan for Our Meeting.

Have the audience read the ninetieth Psalm in concert. (Probably every church can furnish Bibles or the Book of Psalms. If not, ask the people to bring their own Bibles.)

Follow this by having some young person, who can do it well, recite the hymn. Then sing it.

Topic for Discussion.—Personal incidents or experiences connected with the hymn. Influence of hymns and songs on the church.

IV. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Matt. 2:1-12.

Expository notes. 1. General background.

This particular incident in the Christmas cycle of events may well engage our attention as we now worship the Christ-child, for this is the first of the long procession of Gentile nations who have gladly come from afar to lay themselves and their treasures at the feet of the Hebrew Messiah.

Expository notes. 2. Word studies.

"When Jesus was born," Abbot Dionysius in the sixth century calculated that Jesus was born in the year 754 from the founding of Rome. In the sixteenth century it was discovered that he had made a mistake of at least four years, perhaps of five or six. For historical convenience we keep the date that Dionysius established as the beginning of the Christian era.

"Bethlehem." "House of bread." The city of David, and of Ruth. Some six miles south of Jerusalem.

"Of Judea." There was another Bethlehem in Zebulun.

"Herod the king." The first Herod, now commonly called Herod the Great, the Idumean founder of the line. He appears in the New Testament story only in this incident.

"Wise-men from the east." The Magi were a priestly caste, who worshipped the sun, moon and stars. They may have come from Chaldaea, or Persia. The poets have voiced the traditions which have grown up around these mysterious strangers. They are believed to be three, probably from the number of gifts, and to be of three different races. Lew Wallace makes them Hindoo, Greek and Egyptian. Medieval tradition gives their names as Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. But all this is tradition. We know only that they are the first of our own races to worship Jesus.

"Born king of the Jews." Which Herod was not, nor had any one been for several centuries. The phrase is unknown to the early history of Israel. It was applied only to the Messiah. An idea was abroad in the world, as the Roman historians tell, that a world-ruler was to arise in Judea. This impression was probably made by the Jews of the Dispersion, repeating some of the Old Testament prophecies.

"His star." Brilliant stars or meteors, or comets were connected in the popular thought with the rise of kings.

Whether this was some remarkable astronomical appearance or conjuncture—of which there were several about this time—or a miraculous star, opinions differ and no one now knows.

"All Jerusalem." Herod was in mortal fear of a rival, and the people feared that his suspicious jealousy would cause an outbreak of cruelty.

"Inquired of them." The priests executed the ritual law and the scribes were students and copyists of both law and prophecy, and should know. They answer in a quotation from Micah, which is probably from memory. It is not an exact quotation from the Septuagint, nor a literal translation from the Hebrew.

"Lo, the star." The common notion that the star led them from their home to Jerusalem, has no basis in the story. On the contrary, they are surprised and glad to see it here again.

"Gifts." In the Orient no one approaches a superior without a gift in his hand.

"Gold—myrrh." The early scholars of the church suggested that the gold was a gift for a king; the incense an offering to a deity; while myrrh was for the burial of the dead.

"They departed." So disappeared into oblivion these mysterious strangers, the first-fruits of the outlying heathen world, the earnest of the time when all nations shall serve Jehovah.

Plan for Our Meeting.

Read the story with running comment and explanations.

Ask some one to read the first two pages of chapter 13, Book I of Ben Hur—the scene at the well of Siloam.

Have some one recite or read the poem by Susan Coolidge or the one by Longfellow on the three wise-men.

Close with prayers for the heathen of the Orient who are now coming to worship the Christ and for the missionaries, and for the

church that she may see more clearly her duty in the matter.

V. REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING.

Ecccl. 12:1; Deut. 8:2; Gen. 41:51; Luke 9:62; Phil. 3:13, 14.

Expository notes. 1. General background.

As we come to the end of the year and look back over the twelvemonth, we see things that we will remember the rest of our lives—one will ever be a glad memory, one a sorrowful one. There will be other things that we shall do well to allow to pass into oblivion. What shall we remember? What shall we forget? Do people always make the right choice?

Here are some golden words of advice from Holy Writ concerning remembering and forgetting.

Expository notes. 2. Special studies.

Ecccl. 12:1. Let us begin with the wise "Preacher's" cry to happy youth. It is just the opposite of the world's advice. It says, "Have a gay time now! When you are old and feeble, then you can think about religion and God."

But the wise "Preacher" says, "Remember God now, before age and infirmity come upon you." In the new year remember God.

Deut. 8:2. Here is Moses' advice to the Israelites as they stand ready to enter the Promised Land. As they enter into the new experiences of the new life they are to remember God's guidance in the past, to remember that the blessings of the present, as well as the hopes of the future, were made possible by that guidance. Then they are to remember the lessons that came to them from the days of adversity.

In the new year remember the mercies and warnings of the past year.

Gen. 41:51. But there are some things we must forget. Joseph, having reached prosperity, forgets his long, hard days as a slave and a prisoner. Then, what is much harder, he forgets the envy and hatred of his brothers and their cruel treatment of him. No wonder Joseph said, "God hath made me forget"—we need the help of God to forget injuries.

Luke 9:62. It may be that the past year had experiences over which we fain would linger, but if we would do effective work our faces must be turned to the future, not to the past.

As we enter the new year let us forget the suffering, the cares, the injuries of the past, and not dwell too long nor too regretfully on its achievements.

Phil. 3:13, 14. To sum it all up, like the athlete on the race course, we waste no effort on that part of the track we have passed over, but from the vantage-ground of what we have already achieved, we concentrate all our powers on the task before us, and press forward to the goal.

Plan for Our Meeting.

Topics for Discussion.—Some things we of this church will remember as we enter the coming year. Some things we will forget.

Thoughts on the Theme.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,

Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,

Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them—

Cannot undo and cannot atone;

God, in his mercy, receive, forgive them!

Only the new days are our own—

Today is ours, and today alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning;

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;

And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,

Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE VERY LATEST.

"Here's something for Burbank to look into."

"What?"

"Training a Christmas tree to sprout its own presents."

ILLUSTRATIVE DEPARTMENT

"A SERMON WITHOUT ILLUSTRATIONS IS LIKE A HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS."

Illustrations From Recent Events.

Paul Gilbert.

Not Afraid of The Devil. (229)

Matt. 10:28; Jude 9; 1 Pet. 5:8.

IN a cartoon entitled "Fear" that was published quite recently in a popular magazine, the children are represented as being afraid of the dark; the salaried man of the "wolf" at the door; the rich man is fearful of the anarchist; others yet, particularly society folk, are in fear of "Mrs. Grundy." But, according to the artist, children, young men and maidens, mature men and women—none of them "gives a hoot for the devil," who is represented as sneaking with abashed looks from the presence of his jeering audience.

It is a true picture of the attitude of multitudes toward sin; toward Satan and his work, and accounts for the rapid increase in crime, divorce, suicide, adultery. "There is no fear of God before their eyes," declared the psalmist of the wicked of his day. It is increasingly true today in many lands.

The Companionship of Jesus. (230)

Psa. 71:18; Matt. 28:20; Deut. 33:27.

A noteworthy declaration was made by Mr. Keir Hardie, M. P., at Browning Hall during "Labor Week." The honorable member said: "I feel that if only I were a younger man, I would give up politics altogether, and devote myself to preaching Christ's Gospel." And then Mr. Hardie added this personal remark: "Take the word of an old man, when he tells you that, amid the sorrows and disappointments and perplexities of fifty years, he has ever found the companionship of Jesus to be his unfailing support." This is surely a fine confession of faith in the Saviour, and deserves wide circulation. During "Labor Week" many other members of Parliament signed a statement as to their personal faith in Christianity.

Living in The Cellar. (231)

Rev. 3:20; Isa. 1:18; Luke 14:18-20.

I remember reading some time ago of a talk a man had with his little son one Sunday when they were looking at the pictures in an illustrated Bible. Amongst them was a reproduction of Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World." You know it well—that picture of Christ standing outside the closed door of a house. The hinges were rusty, the portals were overgrown with weeds and ivy, and the Suppliant whose hand knocked seemed to get no response. The father told the little boy the story it portrayed—of Christ standing there and knocking, seeking admission.

After some thought the little boy said, "Father, did he get in?"

"No; I don't think he did, son."

"Why didn't he get in?"

"I don't know why. But I am sure he didn't."

"Was it because they did not hear him knock?"

"I don't know, boy. I don't see quite how they could help hearing him."

The little fellow thought for a while, and then said: "O father, I think I know! They must have been living in the cellar. That's why they didn't hear him!"—Stuart Holden.

Didn't Think. (232)

Isa. 1:3; 2 Tim. 2:7; Heb. 13:7.

Many a young man makes a fatal choice and commits a deed that mars his life, because he refuses to be honest with his mind and consider carefully the ultimate result of various courses of action.

"Why didn't you blow your horn?" the policeman asked of the chauffeur who had run down a pedestrian.

"It wouldn't work!" he answered.

"Then why didn't you slacken your speed?"

"By George, Mr. Officer, but I never thought of that!" was the surprised reply.

The habit of thoughtlessly disregarding the rights of others was at the bottom of the trouble. He had forgotten how to consider the rights of the other fellow.

Redemption. (233)

Eph. 1:7; Rev. 5:9; Gal. 3:13.

In the museum connected with the monument to Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., among other relics suggestive of the spirit and mission of the great emancipator of four million slaves, is treasured a piece of the rich gown worn by Laura Keane, the actress, in Ford's Theater, Washington, on the tragic night when Lincoln fell. After the fatal shot of the assassin, Miss Keane sprang to the box and caught in her lap the head of the slain President, while the blood from the oozing wound saturated a portion of her garment. After the event, that blood-stained breadth was cut from the gown, sent to Springfield and preserved as the speaking symbol of the great sacrificial life which Lincoln lived even unto death, on behalf of the blacks. Could we imagine one of those redeemed men on a visit to Lincoln's tomb looking at that emblem and properly remaining indifferent to its appeal.—Henry Mabie.

A Physician's Prescription. (234)

Jer. 15:16; Matt. 4:4; Isa. 26:3.

Some years ago a lady went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day, then come

back to me a month from today." And he bowed her out before she could protest.

At first she was inclined to be angry; then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. She went home determined to read conscientiously her neglected Bible. In one month she went back to the doctor's office a different person, and asked him how he knew that was just what she needed.

For answer the physician turned to his desk. There worn and marked lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I would lose my greatest source of strength and skill."

A Heathen's Loyalty to His Gods. (235)

Josh. 7:12; Judges 2:14; 2 Kings 17:20.

The savage idolater often does not really worship the symbol before which he bows; he simply tries thus to realize and localize the spirit which he fears. The rude African who would not complete a bargain with the European trader until he had time to go and bring his fetish which he had forgotten, is far nearer to God than the modern nominal Christian who essays to conduct his business apart from his religion; nay, the African in loyalty to his crude conscience reads a needed lesson to all such as have forgotten that God has the most intimate relation to all business, even to corporate acts. A heathen who believes in his idols of wood and stone is more effective than an inconsistent, faithless Christian who knows that Jesus Christ died for him on Golgotha.

Because of Their Unbelief (236)

Isa. 1:13; Matt. 15:6; 2 Pet. 2:1.

At a luncheon given by the Clerical Conference of the Federation of Churches to Canon Herbert Hensley Henson, of Westminster Abbey, in New York, attended by ministers representing fifteen religious bodies, including Unitarians and Jews, the distinguished guest of honor turned his attention somewhat facetiously to theological schools. "If I could have my way," he said, "I'd go about the country with dynamite and blow up every denominational seminary. I cannot stand them; I cannot breathe in them." The theological graduates who were present, according to report, cheered lustily this revolutionary sentiment.

Have You Received The Baptism of The Holy Spirit? (237)

Acts 19:2; Eph. 5:18; Acts 1:8.

One cannot thoughtfully read the New Testament without being aware of the power that came into the lives of the Christians when the Baptism of the Holy Spirit was received. Nor can he scan the records of church history and fail to note the radical difference made in the experiences and actions of the saints through the same divine blessing. And concerning our own need of that baptism Rev. F. B. Meyer has said, "Nothing else can meet the deepest needs and yearnings of our time."

A number of months ago an evangelist who was holding meetings in a western city spoke of the need and desirability of this great blessing and exhorted his hearers to seek it. A number were interested in what he said. One night at a testimony meeting in one of the churches of the city, a quiet, earnest member arose and said: "Brethren, some of you were interested several months ago in receiving the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I should like to inquire if any of you received it?" The silence that followed the quiet inquiry was intense, while embarrassment was manifest on every side.

Is it an embarrassing question to you? Why should it be? Had we not, in our great need and powerlessness, better consider that vastly important question and answer it by receiving the fullness of power?

Two Kinds of Testimony. (238)

Acts 10:38; Heb. 1:9; Acts 8:20.

"He was never looking for prominent or great things. He did little things with a great motive." "Men were compelled to love him—he had not a single enemy. He always gave the impression to the discouraged who came to him of buoyancy and power, regardless of his own condition." These are nobler testimonials than the others: "He invented a rapid-fire gun which was very effective in the China-Japan war, and mowed down the Chinese." "He built up a corporation whose success rested on the ruins of hundreds of other men." "He made a fortune out of the liquor business, and his money was stained with little children's tears." "He lived for himself, and sought great honors and secured them." Men may choose now the sort of testimony they would like to have borne to them when they are gone.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE GRAHAM

The Eternal And Evanescent Calls. (239)

In a tiny cottage built upon the rocky shore with its door toward the Atlantic lived "Uncle Joe" and "Aunt Kate," the leading members of the little Free Baptist Church. Even in the summer were many cold nights when we were glad enough to gather around the friendly fire. During some of those long nights, when the fog hung thick and low, and when the storm-driven waves beating upon the rocks sent their showers of spray almost to the threshold of "Uncle Joe's" home, there were two sounds

that used to reach us from the outside world. Sometimes silent for a long time, then ringing frantically, and occasionally confusing itself with the ringing of other instruments the telephone told us that over the wires men were discussing some of the necessary things of daily life and at other times only the gossip and folly of life. In a spasmodic way individual men were talking over the lines, sometimes of the needful, but often more of what was a bother and a sinful waste of time and thought. But every three minutes during those days of

fog and danger, and every minute during the night the bell of "Mark Island Light" sent out over the waves and through storm and fog its deep, long clang of warning and direction, while with the coming of the night the light beamed out. For on the little island faithful servants of the government were constantly watching to give light and save life. So the world we live and move in calls to us as the telephone in "Uncle Joe's" home called. It calls spasmodically, fretfully—sometimes with that which is worth some of our attention—and often with that which is only foolish, petty and mean. While out over the sea of life, over its danger, darkness, sin and stress, is flashing out the saving light of the gospel of Christ. While the call of the spirit of God ever striving and pleading is ever warning men and telling us in human uncertainty and spiritual danger the true way of life. As long as men are lost the spirit will keep warning, pleading and directing as faithfully as "Mark Island Light House" strikes its bell when storm, fog and danger are upon the sea. Ignore it if you will and sail by, danger and possible wreck will wait for you upon the ledges beyond. Men cannot ignore the calls of the spirit of God to find danger and shipwreck on the rocks of self and sin. If we heed, we turn outward into the ocean of God's truth and love, and find spiritual safety, progress and life.

A Saint's Sense of Sin—Knowledge and Truth. (240)

How different the boast of some people that they are just as good as the other fellow, from the words of Paul that he was the chief of the sinners whom Christ came to save. Paul was not, however, speaking of the common crude forms of sin. He was speaking of his failure to attain the high ideal of character and life that had been revealed to him in Christ. When a man has gained sufficient strength to be morally strong, he begins to understand spiritual sin, and when he has gained his insight into spiritual sin, then there comes to him a sense of the social injustice and need of life. Christian life is progressive and to reach the highest point of human experience would only give a man a glimpse of a height yet higher.

In a small community in New Hampshire is a man who has gained the nickname of "Knowledge." This man has never been capable enough to earn a honest or dishonest living. He has never attended school, never read, never traveled, never worked—yet he knows it all and is dead sure of everything. In the same village, by way of contrast, is a man who writes for three of the big European magazines on subjects in which he is considered the best expert on this side of the water—a man who has taken hold of the best opportunities that this world gives, who has toiled and struggled almost to the point of physical and nerve breakdown many times, a man who has won fame and leadership and whose conclusions are the world's authority on his subject. And where the first man would be dead sure this man often would say "I don't know." But the scientist's mind is open,

free from prejudice and self-satisfaction and every day he is gaining in knowledge, influence and personal power. While the other fellow is not learning more, but losing the little he had and will remain a village loafer and ignoramus while the one is making history and fame.

The man who boasts of his righteousness is yet living in spiritual darkness. The man who realizes how far short of the glory of God his life is, is growing in grace and will attain the freedom and peace that is to be found in the service of God.

Deep Sea Voyagers or Coasters? (241)

I have heard old sea-captains say that the most beautiful sights of the world were a mother with her child and a square-rigged ship under full sail. Surely the mother with her child is the most beautiful thing in life. But what in the material world is more beautiful than an old square rigger under full sail. In his "Two Years before the Mast," Dana tells of a small trading schooner of a few tons' burden that used to beat back and forth from "Kittery Point to Boston," carrying anything from dried apples to furniture. It had a talkative, impertinent, little captain who was always hailing the ships that passed. When a ship came in sight he would hop into his rigging and squeak out in his funny little way,— "What ship is that,—whence,—and whither." Sometimes he would get an answer and sometimes the ships would simply ignore him. On one of those perfect summer days that you find along the New England coast, the little captain saw coming one of the great sights of the sea. An East-Indiaman, low in the water with her heavy cargo; plowing before the breeze with every sail set. While upon her deck swarmed sailors, and monkeys and parrots could be seen in the rigging. The schooners' captain climbed his mast and sent his same call: What ship is that, whence and whither? For a few moments there was no answer and it seemed as if the little captain was going to be ignored again,—then through a speaking trumpet a deep bass voice answered:—"The Begum of Bengal, one hundred and twenty days out of port, homeward bound,—what ship is that?" The little captain just curled all up in his humility and as he slid down the mast he answered back in his squeaky little voice, "Oh it is the 'Mary Ann,' fourteen hours out of Boston, nowhere in particular."

We can make life great or small. We can be a "Mary Ann" a few days out, with nothing to speak of, no where in particular,—or we can be: "Begums of Bengal," one hundred and twenty days out of port, homeward bound.

Life can be wonderful, great, eternal in its meaning and experience.

Four Men Whose Light Went Out.

A Popular Leader Entrapped (David).

A Political Schemer Buried in the Woods (Absalom).

A Public Representative Who Didn't Care (Gallio).

A Man Whose Love was Misdirected (Demas).



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SERMONS

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN

The Golden Link. (243)

Suppose you had a chain which for thousands of years had been winding on to a drum, and link after link had been rough iron, and all at once there comes one of pure gold, would it be reasonable to say that it had been dug from the same mine, and forged in the same fires as its black and ponderous companions? Generation after generation has passed across the earth, each begetting sons after its own likeness; and lo! in the midst of them starts up one sinless Man. Is it reasonable to say that He is the product of the same causes which have produced all the millions, and never another like him? Surely to account for Jesus without the supernatural is hopeless.

Environment. (244)

They tell us that in Nature there is such a thing as protective mimicry, as it is called—animals having the power—some of them to a much larger extent than others—of changing their hues in order to match the gravel of the stream in which they swim or the leaves of the trees on which they feed. It is like what a great many of us do. Put us into a place where certain forms of frivolity or vice are common, and we go in for them. Take us away from these and we change our hue to something a little whiter. But all through we never know what it is to put forth a good solid force of resistance and to say, "No! I will not!" or, what is sometimes quite as hard to say, "Yes! though"—as Luther said in his strong way—"there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the housetops, I will!"

Corked Hearts. (245)

Take a flask; plunge it into the ocean; and unless it be cased and protected, so much of the ocean as is needed to fill the flask will rush in. But if you tie it up in sail-cloth, and wax it over, and put it into a copper cylinder, and drop it into the water, it may lie there forever, and there will only be some faint traces

of moisture that have got through the glass somehow, that will dim and damp the vacuous interior. And so a man may be plunged into the ocean of God, as we all are, for "in Him we live, and move, and have our being," and if he does not open his heart by faith, he will get no good of the God in whom he floats; but if he does, joy and peace will pour themselves into him.

Careless of Evil. (246)

Many of us—I was going to say most men, I do not know that it would be an exaggeration—are like the careless inhabitants of some of those sunny, volcanic isles in the Eastern Ocean, where Nature is prodigally luxuriant and all things are fair, but every fifty years or so there comes a roar and the island shakes, and half of it, perhaps, is overwhelmed, and the lava flows down and destroys gleaming houses and smiling fields, and heaven is darkened with ashes, and then everything goes on as before, and people live as if it was never going to happen again, though every morning, when they go out, they see the cone towering above their houses, and the thin column of smoke, pale against the blue sky.

Light Condemning Darkness. (247)

As an old preacher has it—"The presence of a saint hinders the devil of elbow-room for doing his tricks." The old legend told us that the fire-darting Apollo shot his radiant arrows against the pythons, and "dragons of the slime." The sons of light have the same office—by their light of life to make the darkness aware of itself, and ashamed of itself, and to change it into light.

A Universal Law. (248)

The smallest rainbow in the tiniest drop that hangs from some sooty cave and catches the sunlight has precisely the same lines, in the same order, as the great arch that strides across half the sky. If you go to the Giant's Causeway, or to the other end of it among the

Scotch Hebrides, you will find the hexagonal basaltic pillars all of identically the same pattern and shape, whether their height be measured by feet or by tenths of an inch. Big or little, they obey the same law.

Watching the Frontier. (249)

The sleepy Custom House officers let the contraband article in because it seems of small bulk. There are old stories about how strong castles were taken by armed men hidden in an innocent-looking cart of forage. Do you keep a rigid inspection at the frontier, and see to it that everything vindicates its right to enter because it is pleasing to Jesus Christ.

Rock of Ages. (250)

As the cliffs tower above the river that swirls at their base, and takes centuries to cut the faintest line upon their shining surface, so the changeless God rises above the stream of time, of which the brief breakers are human lives, "sparkling, bursting, borne away." Some of us may recall some great precipice rising above the foliage, which stands today as it did when we were boys, unwasted in its silent strength, while generations of leaves have opened and withered at its base, and we have passed from childhood to age. Thus, unaffected by the transiency that changes all beneath, God rises, the Rock of Ages in whom we may trust.

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS

J. EDGAR RUSSELL

The Power of an Endless Life. (251)

Bishop McDowell writes as follows concerning his old teacher, Dean Latimer. "Old students of Boston Seminary will recall the familiar, earnest phrase that came out at the close of every prayer, 'Save us with the power of an endless life.' When I first heard it, it did not move me much. When I heard it next, I thought it a pet phrase, a favorite, well-sounding sentence. It was not a prayer we might live forever. It went vastly deeper than both in Latimer's life and his prayer. It was the prayer that men living in time, living in illness often, living in weariness, living where the tides grow feeble and the energies flag, should be saved with the power, the strength, the almightiness, of a life beyond the reach of death, saved with the power of an indestructible life. It was not a prayer we should be saved from dying, but should be free from the life-long slavery to dying by this life that death cannot touch. I can easily recall, across the lapse of more than thirty years, the evening when these words, spoken again in that great, quiet man's prayer, came to me like a new, fresh gospel of power. A hundred things fell into right relations under this influence and have never been wholly disturbed in the years since."

Fiery Furnaces. (252)

The other day I went through a plant where they make an especially fine quality of enamel ware. I stood by a furnace, and the men put in a large receptacle containing a score or more pieces of ware. In a few moments the receptacle was withdrawn, and the vessels came out glowing from their fiery bath. I thought surely that would be enough, but I was told that there are four of those fiery immersions before the vessels are finished. I told my guide that I would hereafter appreciate the bright ware that is sold so cheap. Some times we take for granted the service of those who are able to help us. If we could but know the fiery chastening that teachers and friends and ministers, and workers of many kinds pass through to qualify them for their daily tasks, how more highly at times we would esteem their quiet and humble toil.

Away from Self. (253)

One of the characters in *The Inside of the Cup*, expresses herself as follows: "We are always trying to get away from ourselves, and sometimes I wonder whether there are any selves to get away from." The remark points both ways. Have we any selves to return to? Have we any selves to take with us? We will not get benefit from travel and books and friendship unless we bring with us a positive contribution of personality.

"Why Don't He Be?" (254)

Bishop McDowell tells of a lad at a camp meeting who overheard a man in an adjoining tent groaning and praying as if in agony. The boy said to his mother, "What is the matter with the man?" The mother answered, "He wants to be a better man." And the lad quickly asked, "Why don't he be then?" And the Bishop adds: "One must cease to do evil as if one by ceasing could instantly and completely be rid of evil. One must cast his burden of evil upon the Lord, knowing that he alone can take it away."

Working with God. (255)

One of the greatest of the Methodist Bishops once said: "God has not had an easy time making me what he wants me to be, but I am helping, and he is working his will in me. We shall win."

Godly Character. (256)

A retired minister some time since was pruning one of his apple trees. He suddenly became dizzy, and fell a short distance to the ground. His wife, looking out of the window, saw him on his knees. "Father," she called to him, "why are you doing your praying out there?" It is well known that the minister's devotional life was carefully nurtured. The wife did not think there could be any other explanation of the fact he was on his knees, then that he was praying. The lesson is surely one to be emphasized. It means everything—the way our friends instinctively interpret our actions.

His Title Clear. (257)

A member of a certain Ohio church—a man well on in middle life—was suddenly taken sick, and died at last in great triumph. When it became generally known he had no chance for recovery, a boy probably ten years of age remarked to his mother: "Well, his church record is all right." And it was. If he missed a prayer or any other regular church service—a thing he seldom did—the preacher was sure to inquire about him. And the regularity of his church life was matched by the integrity of his home and business life. Truly the light will shine and win the approval of others and render glory to God.

Calling Good Evil. (258)

A wealthy farmer in southern Ohio thought the floods had so injured his land that he would be unable to pay anything toward the repairs of a church of which he is a member. On careful examination he is finding that the floods have been, after all, a benefit to him.

About a hundred dollars will make good his fences. On the other hand, sand has been washed from his valley fields and a rich deposit left over nearly the entire surface. The subscription has not yet been given, but there is wonder if it will be withheld or diminished or enlarged. One of the great marvels is the patience of God with excuses that are worse than worthless.

Water from the Hills. (259)

It is said that in the midst of the alkali desert there is a way station, where the traveler is surprised to find an abundance of clear, pure water. It is piped from the distant Wahsatch Mountains. It is a parable of life. The refreshing grace of God comes from above into the barrenness and desolateness of our days. It is that that makes life supremely worth living. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "My God shall supply all your need."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE GERMAN

REV. BENJ. SCHLIP

Light at the Cross. (260)

John 8:12; Gal. 6:14.

In winter there are periods when a thick mantle of fog covers the city of Geneva. When on such a dismal day one mounts the side of Mont Saleve, one comes after a time to a cross erected alongside a precipitous slope and overlooking the entire valley of the Rhone. One comes at the same time to the fog limit. A farmer recently gave a tourist, who wondered at not being able to see the sun this information: "Sir, you must climb to the cross, there you will find the sunshine." And indeed it is so. The city, the lake and a good part of the valley are hidden from view, but the cross is bathed in unclouded light.

It may be a weary climb to the Cross, but it pays, the sun seems so much brighter there because of the fog below. Are you still on the way? Can you see no light on ahead? Keep on, don't get discouraged. Soon you will be bathed in Heaven's own Light!

God's Word Abides. (261)

John 3:16; Math. 24:35; Heb. 13:8.

A woman had long felt the weight of her sins upon her heart. She was so downcast, that her son noticed it and was sad because of his mother's unhappiness. One evening while the boy was doing his work for school, his mother sat reading the Bible and coming to John 3:14-16, she suddenly exclaimed: "Now I have it," and her face lighted up with joy. The words "whosoever believeth" had brought the light into her soul. With the new-found joy in their hearts mother and son retired.

Next morning the look of sadness was in the mother's face, as of old. When the child asked the reason, his mother said: "This morning everything is different again." The boy got the Bible, opened it at John 3:16 and exclaimed: "Why mother, I read here this

morning just as you read last night." That proved enough to bring back the joy into the doubting, wavering heart of the woman. Furthermore she learned to look, not a her feelings for salvation, but to the cross and into the Word. And that is a lesson for us all to learn!

Getting Acquainted with

The Father. (262)

Job 22:21; John 14:9-10; 1 John 4:8.

The daughter of an artist lost her eyesight through sickness in her babyhood. For years she was thought incurable, then a successful operation by a noted specialist restored her eyesight. The mother of the child had died some years before and the father had been her companion and dearest friend. While the fifteen-year-old girl had lain in the darkened room with bandaged eyes, the one thought was constantly with her: "Soon I will see my father." And when the days of waiting had passed and the bandages were removed from her eyes and she looked into the noble, joy-filled face of her father, she trembled for joy, closed her eyes, opened them again, to convince herself that she was not dreaming. And when the father took her into his arms, she exclaimed: "And I've had so beautiful a father so many years and did not know it!"

That is the experience of thousands. The heavenly Father cares for us with tenderness, guides us in security, teaches us in patience, but our eyes are holden, we do not recognize him. O that the bandages might be removed and we might recognize him in all the glory of his love!

The Precious Cornerstone. (263)

1 Peter 2:6-7; John 6:68.

In a certain home it was customary for the father to ask the older children about the text and sermon of the morning after tea on

Sunday evening. The following conversation took place on such an occasion:

"Now, Edward, what was the text?" "I Peter 2:6-7." "About what did it treat, Paul?" "About the precious cornerstone." "That is true, but of whom is the cornerstone a symbol?" "Of the Lord Jesus," answered both at the same time. "And can you tell me what the word 'precious' means in this case?" The boys thought a moment, but little six-year-old Anna hugged her mother and cried joyfully: "Mother is precious." The father looked with tender eyes upon his little one and asked: "And why is mother precious?" "Because we cannot get along without her," she answered. "That is right, my child,—said the father,—and our Lord Jesus is precious because we cannot get along without Him."

Do you find it so?

Forgive us our Debts! (264)

Luke 11:4a; Matt. 18:2; Matt. 6:14.

A Swedish count has an autograph album in which three statesmen have written a sentence of their respective philosophies. The eighty year old French minister Guizot wrote: "During my long life I have learned two wise rules; the one is, to forgive much, the other: to forget nothing."

Underneath these words the French statesman Thiers wrote: "I have found that a little forgetting does not detract from the sincerity of the forgiving."

On the same page there was space enough for an autograph of the German chancellor Bismarck, who said: "During my life I have learnt the need of forgetting much and having much forgiven me."

There is no God. (265)

Ps. 15:1; Job. 21:14; Ps. 42:3; Jude 4.

An atheistic lecturer held addresses in a number of French cities recently and announced that he would give an opportunity for Christians to discuss his address and present their side. In one city he spoke over three hours, so that it seemed he would have not only the first, but also the last word. However a plain farmer went up on the platform and made the following address: "I have neither the time nor the education, so that I could make a fine speech, therefore I will let this old Book (showing an open Bible) speak. Here I read: the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." He closed his Bible and continued, "One should not debate with fools; they need a physician's care." Strange to say, this short and rather blunt speech had a great effect, though a good portion of the crowd consisted of friends of Paure's views.

The short talk of the God-fearing farmer had scored over the elaborate lecture on the theme: "Twelve proofs against the existence of God."

The Terrors of the Awakened

Conscience. (266)

1 Tim. 4:2; Heb. 9:14; Heb. 10:22; 1 Pet. 3:16.

Why did Adam and Eve hide when God

walked in the garden at the cool of the day? Why did Cain say to the Lord: "My punishment is greater than I can bear?" Why did Ahab say to the Prophet: "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" before Elijah had said a word to him? Why did mighty Felix tremble before the captive Paul? These all were the workings of conscience, that judge in the soul, whom it is so hard to silence. The following are some of the historical instances, showing his power:

Charles IX of Spain, the murderer of the Huguenots said to Dr. Ambrosius Pare: "Doctor, for months I have been in a fever, physically and spiritually. If only I had spared the innocent, the weak minded and the crippled!" Charles II of Spain could not sleep except a priest and two monks were in his bed room. Cardinal Beaufort, who had the Duke of Gloucester executed often cried out in his sleep: "Go away, why do you look at me so?"

And Richard III, who murdered his two nephews, often got up in the night, took his sword and fought with spirit foes.

Winter in the Hearts. (267)

The well known German pastor, G. D. Krummacker, once visited a sick woman, who was very despondent and sincerely worried whether or not she was a child of God's grace. All the sacred promises and other words of comfort Krummacker spoke found no entrance into her heart. At last he arose, looked out into the snow-covered garden and at the bare-limbed trees and shrubs and said: "Why have you such poor trees in your garden; they all are bare and dry, not a leaf, no apples, pears or plums in the whole orchard. Why don't you have them cut down?" The woman replied: "How can you speak so! You know it is winter. In Spring the trees will show that they are alive and they will yield fruit enough in Autumn. The trees are not at all poor!" Dr. Krummacker retorted: "You are better informed about the trees, dear lady, than about yourself. In your heart too you find neither leaf, nor blossom nor fruit, for in it too is winter. But don't you believe that God can create Spring in your heart as well as in nature?" The result was an earnest prayer to God on the part of the lady and a joyous acceptance of the promises of the holy Word.

Rockets vs the Stars. (268)

Psalms 19:1; Isa. 55:8-9.

At a celebration fireworks were to close the day and a great crowd of people gathered to see them. It was a clear, starlit night. Quietly the golden stars went their prescribed paths. Then came the rockets and Roman candles. With a hiss they soared upward and with a bang they exploded and many colored stars floated for a few moments and then were gone. A short hour and it was all over, both the noise and the splendor, but in the sky above the bright stars shone on undimmed. And unto this day do they shine!

THE HOMILETIC YEAR—DECEMBER

G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

CHRISTMAS

God gave that man "might not perish." He gave in emergency heroically. Christmas commemorates not alone the angelic song of peace on earth, ushering a new Babe into the earthly life, nor the pathetic motherhood of a cruelly neglected virgin peasant, nor the appealing helpfulness of a divine infancy, nor the romantic homage and princely giving of Parsee seers. It stands for all these, but nothing else compares with the paramount fact for which Christmas stands. The superlative commemoration due to Christmas is the humble gratitude of saved souls recalling that the central picture of the Bethlehem drama is an all-loving God hasting to the rescue of men at the verge of destruction under the crush and crash of sin. Christmas is the high day of God's salvation.

What sort of message then is the most appropriate Christmas message from the pulpit or from the lips of the Christian who would, man to man, repeat the good news to his neighbor?

Manifestly there is nothing else so supremely befitting for Christmas Day as that word which is most important to men in every day—that God has through his Son Jesus Christ made a way of escape out of sin and wrong into a life of fellowship with him. The very best Christmas celebration therefore would be what the church has come to call an evangelistic service. Christmas should be "Merry Christmas" indeed, but the merriment which most becomes its hours would be, in any place and in any year, such merriment as prevailed in that house of the Lord's parable, where the patriarchal father stood at the head of the festal board and said: "Let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." Atonement, redemption, forgiveness, salvation—these are somehow judged to be words that belong to solemn Good Friday. But they are equally or even more Christmas words. Redemption comes as much from Bethlehem as from Golgotha.

Here is a good note for our Christmas sermons, fellow pastors. Let us make our Christmas sermons not alone evangelical, happily, gladly, cheerfully so, but also evangelistic. The Christmas evangel, the Christmas good news, is in the great glad fact that Christ is born a Saviour. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

Suggestive Texts and Themes. (270)

The Manifestation of Christ: "I am the light of the world." John 8:12. "Ye are the light of the world." Matt. 5:14.

A Christmas Message: "God hath chosen

the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." I Cor. 1:27.

What the Coming of Christ has Done for the World: Luke 1:67-79.

Why was the King Born? I. To fulfill prophecy. Mic. 5:1-4. II. To fulfill the covenant. Acts 3:22,26. III. To subdue disease. Matt. 11:2-6. IV. To overcome Satan. Luke 4:1-13. V. To pardon sin. John 3:14-21. VI. To overcome death. I Cor. 15:50-58.

The Quest for the King: "Where is he that is born king of the jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." Matt. 2:2.

The Manger Cradle: "And this shall be a sign unto you." Luke 2:12.

The Rising Star: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel," etc. Num. 24:17.

Christmas With Christ Left Out: "What think ye? Will ye not come up to the feast?" John 11:56.

The Word and the World: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John 1:14.

The Day-Star in the Heart: 2 Pet. 1:19.

Advice for Christmas: "When thou makest a dinner, or supper," etc. Luke 14:12-14.

The Incarnation: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8:9.

The Bethlehem of the Heart: "Until Christ be formed in you." Gal. 4:19.

Why Jesus Came: "The Son of Man is come to seek that which is lost." Luke 19:10.

Proclaiming the Christ: "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," etc. Luke 2:10, 11.

Lessons from the Shepherds: "The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see." Luke 2:15.

The Child Jesus: "Set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." Luke 2:34. 1. His destiny. 2. His development. 3. His wisdom. 4. His coming rule.

The Christmas Offering: "They offered unto him gifts." Matt. 2:11. Christ has only one reason for desiring gifts from us, and that is in order that he may give gifts to us. He can give only to givers.

The Greatest Quest: "Where is he?" Matt. 2:2. Never be afraid to ask your way to Christ. Never think that you can find your way to Christ alone. You need all the help you can get on the quest of quests.

Inquirers for Christ: "He inquired." Matt. 2:4. Herod as well as the wise men is inquiring, it seems. Some inquire about truth to worship it; others, to murder it.

Seeking the Great Light. (271)

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." Isa. 9:2.

One bright summer morning Mr. Spurgeon went early into the garden to find a guest walking about disconsolate. "How now?" he cried, "why are you so gloomy?" "I have been looking into my heart," was the answer. "And I'll warrant you found nothing there but blackness," said Mr. Spurgeon. "Look up, man! Look at the sun!"

Christ is the Sun of Righteousness. His coming is sun-rise to the soul. It is sun-rise to the world.—H.

The Meaning of the Manger. (272)

"And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find," etc. Luke 2:12.

I. What does the Christmas manger mean? That all of God's infinity can make a home for itself in my commonplaceness. That out of the dry straw of humdrum duties the Lord of the universe can build a throne. That since he was content with a manger, it is sin for me to fret in a mansion.

II. And now that God has appeared even there, shall I be surprised to find him anywhere? If he would take up his abode with the beasts, may I find some glimmer of him among beast-like men? Dare I say of any life, however hard and forbidding, "There is no Christ there?" or of any task, however distasteful and unpromising, "I cannot find Christ in it?"

III. Blessed Saviour, thou of Bethlehem, thou of Calvary, help me to make this a manger year. I will not seek thee elsewhere, but just where I am. I will not defer thee to some glorious day ahead, but I will have thee today, and make that glorious. I will invite thee into my stable, and ask thee to help me sweep the floors and curry the horses, and cut up the food for them, and I will draw thee in among my rough stable companions; and at the end of the year, before the sun of next Christmas morning, my stable will have been transformed to a palace of the King, and the rough stablemen, and I among them, will have become King's sons. For that is thy manger way.—Amos R. Wells, D. D.

Christmas all the Year. (273)

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." John 8:12.

"Christmas comes but once a year." Such a general piece of knowledge hardly deserves quotation marks. Every toddling child whose little hands hold fast his Christmas stocking, is aware of the fact, and very likely his one thought of regret through the long, beautiful Christmas day is that so many other days must pass before it comes again.

Yes, Christmas comes but once a year, and sometimes we seem to think that the things which give Christmas its real beauty are just as infrequent. "We musn't quarrel today," a little girl warned her younger brother one Christmas morning; and for that day there was peace in the nursery.

Most of us agree that we "musn't quarrel on Christmas." We put our old grudges, our little jealousies and spites out of sight, and we fill the day with kindness and good-will. But too often, as the holly and evergreens begin to lose their freshness, and are removed finally from our home, so the love and tenderness which made our Christmas day so beautiful lose their fresh, strong quality and gradually die from our heart.

Though Christmas comes but once a year, its best things, its peace and good-will and joy, were not meant for one day out of three hundred and sixty-five. If we choose, we can carry them with us the long year through.—Author Unknown.

The Christmas Increase of Joy. (274)

"They joy before thee according to the joy of harvest." Isa. 9:3.

A man had a crusty and unsympathetic friend whom he was anxious to win to better feeling. To this man the world seemed cold and matter-of-fact, with little room for sympathy, and scant reason for sacrifice. When Christmas came, his friend, a man of larger vision, persuaded him to join with him in trying to make others happy with Christmas cheer. When the day was over, the crusty man was like another being. His heart was melted to tenderness, his soul had been touched with sympathy and with the transforming power of sacrifice. "Why," he said jubilantly, "there must have been a real joy for Christ in dying on the cross!"—H.

The Whole World's Christ. (275)

"And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." Isa. 9:6.

In India I saw that monument, the Taj Mahal. In the center of the structure is a piece of marble 16 feet across and 8 or 10 feet high. A Mohammedan guard stands there, and while I was looking up he shouted something about one God and Mohammed his prophet. It echoed and echoed, and we listened. I could not leave with that echoing across the world, and I begged permission to stand there where the soldier stood. Reluctantly he consented. Then lifting up my voice, I shouted, "Jesus, highest over all," and it echoed and reechoed to the highest peaks of the Himalayas. That cry is to sound around the world.—Cortland Myers.

Have Seen the Great Light. (276)

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." Isa. 9:2.

Through Christ's gospel preached, taught and lived, the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. A tablet on the wall of a Presbyterian church in Anetym contains the following inscription: "When the Rev. John Geddie, D. D., came here in 1846 there were no Christians, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen."

A missionary in Brazil was making her usual visits when she came upon a poor, ignorant, ragged woman whose face was radiant, sitting

in her little thatched hut, with a copy of the Gospels on her lap and an "A. B. C." book by her side. When she saw the missionary, she said, "Oh, Senora, I'm a heiress. Just think of all these riches for me." The missionary saw her labor hard to read the words, and asked, "Why do you take so much trouble to read?" The reply came, "It is His will. Just think how ashamed I would be to meet my Lord and have him ask, 'Did you receive the inheritance? Did you read my will?' And I should have to answer, 'No.' Oh, Senora, I want to learn it by heart, for he left it all for me."—H.

The Unavoidable Christ. (277)

"He could not be hid." Mark 7:24.

The Christmas season gives one's thoughts a certain mysterious elevation and sweetness. It links them with a picture painted in the colors of heaven—the angelic minstrelsy, the stars and feeding sheep, the manger-cradle, with the God-child, and the rapture of faithful hearts. It suggests the unspeakable gift of God, the thought and presence and grace of God, and the exalted character of service and sacrifice. But in thus transporting one's thoughts from the earthly to the heavenly, from the sinful man to the God-man, Christmas thrills with the thought of the Unavoidable Christ.

I. The highways and thoroughfares are thronged with people who seldom think of Christ. They manifest no interest in the church, perform no service, display no sympathy for Christians, contribute nothing for the support of the Gospel. They live comfortably, and happily, enjoy the privileges of civilization. But the comforts and blessings, the feeling of safety and security,—the daily heritage of multitudes—are due to Christ. The hospitals and schools and libraries come from Christ. There are none in lands where Christ is unknown. Democracy and republicanism and constitutional government come from Christ. These are unknown in lands which reflect the spirit of Buddha and Confucius and Mohammed. Whosoever, therefore, shares the comfort and immunities, the freedom and thrift of civilization, meets Christ. He is unavoidable.

II. It matters not where one may go, whether near or far, wherever one meets unselfishness one meets Christ. In the kindly, friendly, charitable bearing of men, Christ is reflected. Courtesy and kindness and charity obtain wherever he has gone; envy and hatred and violence hold wherever he has not gone.

In those communities where he has entered there is a true "idealism, a spiritual elevation, a sentiment of purity," a lofty sense of honor. In the beautiful humanitarianism, the sense of social justice, the indignation at white slavery and child slavery, the efforts to rectify great wrongs and stop needless bloodshed of war, one meets Christ. The mother's kiss, the father's smile, the physician's service, the neighbor's interest, the baptismal act, are Christ's greetings to the new-born babe at the

threshold of life. He permeates the social structure. "He is the moral atmosphere every soul breathes." He is unavoidable.

III. Whether one muses in a library, or sits spellbound under noble strains of music, or yields to awe or rapture in the presence of matchless paintings, or follows with eye and soul the wonders of a splendid architecture, one meets Christ. He has stamped himself upon all that is best in literature. His spirit breathes in Tennyson and Browning, in Longfellow and Whittier, and in the finest fiction. The sublimest oratorios of Handel and Haydn, Mendelssohn and Mozart, Bach and Beethoven are shaped by him. The noblest pictures are painted, and the grandest buildings are reared in his name. He has suggested the subjects, molded the methods, illumined the forms and given the undying charm and inspiration to literature and art and music and architecture. He is unavoidable.

IV. Christ is the central glory of the ages. The universe was built to be his temple. The greatest of prophets, priests and kings, the foremost of poets, philosophers and statesmen, the leaders of art, science and invention look to him, as their source of wisdom, light and life. The end for which all things were created and toward which the "whole creation moves" is Christ. He is simply unavoidable, unescapable, irresistible.

"What think ye of Christ?"

Eternity hinges on one's disposition of Christ.—R. L. Benn.

Christmas Light. (278)

It is the light that transforms. "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight,—the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary, dark house, lonely and desolate, in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture indeed. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and good cheer. Now the birth of Christ was just such a light in a dark world!

It is the light that transforms.—H.

Honor the Christmas Christ. (279)

A little Sunday School girl objected strenuously to being taught a Christmas hymn in which the religious thought was prominent, on the ground that Christmas "isn't Sunday-time, but just fun." She "liked songs about jingle-bells and such things on Santa Claus Day!"

The child phrased exactly the modern childish appreciation of Christmas, and her mental attitude is not to be wondered at. Haven't we brought the children up to think so? Haven't we made it a gift-day and a day of jollity, almost to the exclusion of any tender or more sacred sentiment? Have we not, in a word, been chiefly honoring Santa Claus instead of the Christ?

A Recipe for a Merry Christmas. (280)

"Take a cup of thoughtfulness,
Take a cup of love,
Take the herbs that cheer and bless,
Drawn from stores above.

Take a pinch or two of pains,
And an ounce of wit,
And of secrecy two grains,
Just to flavor it.

Cook it at the fire of zest,
Seeking not your own;
You will have the merriest
Christmas ever known."

The Christmas Christ. (281)

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, there is a picture by L'Hermite called "Among the Lowly." A man of singularly beautiful and benign countenance stands, with hands uplifted in blessing, at the table of a peasant family. In the door stands the head of the household, who has just returned from his day's labor, holding in his arms his youngest child, who has evidently run out to meet him. On seeing the Man at the table, he uncovers and stands in an attitude of devotion. In view of what the Carpenter of Nazareth has done for the workman and his household, this should be the posture of the handicraftsman of the world today.

May this blessed Christmas season find men everywhere bowing in reverence to Christ—the friend of the lowly—yea, the friend of all people.—H.

Christmas Helps us Understand God. (282)

A beautiful legend of the second century tells how a missionary told the story of the Christ on the banks of the Arno. A Roman prince returned to his castle of stone to feast. He heard a tap at the window and through it he saw the beautiful face of a child. In sweetest music he heard the words, "The Christ-child is hungry." He did not wish to be disturbed in his selfish pleasure, so he sent a soldier to drive away the child intruder. But the delicacies of his table became as ashes. Again he heard the tap at the window, and he saw a face, like the cherub of Raphael, out in the storm. Amid the confused revelry he heard the still, small voice saying, "The Christ-child is cold." He ordered the child driven away and the curtains drawn close. Instantly the very fire grew cold, and a chill almost congealed the heart of the prince. Then the ice began to melt, and the prince came to himself. He flung open the door and rushed out, calling after the retreating child. He followed until he came to a poor house, where the widow was dead and the orphans were crying in the dark. The Christ-child told him to take these children to his castle and be a father to them. The servants brought them and gathered in other children. After that his house was their home and his shield their protection. Thus the Christ-child declared the Father all-merciful, and we can declare him. The love and generosity of Christmastide help man to understand the love of God. As the star led the

wise men from the East to Jesus, so the kind words and acts of Christmas lead honest souls to Christ, and so to God.—Rev. A. W. Lewis.

Giving to Christ. (283)

The Congregationalist tells the following incident: A woman of our acquaintance who has been in the habit of spending fifty dollars annually for Christmas gifts to about that number of friends was moved this year to send \$25 to help educate a black girl in the South, and \$25 more to aid a crippled Armenian orphan. On Christmas morning the friends of this woman received a letter from her, saying that instead of the customary individual gifts, she was sending in their name these two distinctly missionary offerings, one to the home and one to the foreign field. She graciously assumed that in so doing she was acting as the agent of such friends. It is safe to say that no one of them failed to admire what she did, and several have already been led by her example to think more seriously on the question.

Symbol of Pardon. (284)

In many countries, the birth of the king's son is the signal for the pardon of criminals, the opening of the palace to all, and the giving of great benefits to the people. So Christmas is the symbol of the mercy of God to sinners, of free entrance into eternal mansions offered to each, and of the gift of everlasting joy given to all who will receive it.

The True Christmas Spirit. (285)

In "Little Women" there is a story told by Louisa Alcott out of the experience of her own early days. The four children who are her heroines, knowing of a neighbor in need, go in a little procession and carry her their breakfast. Another time it was winter and was bitterly cold. The stock of wood was low, and night had fallen when there came a knock at the door. A shivering child stood there, saying that her mother had no wood, that the baby was sick and the father gone on a spree. She begged for a little wood. "Divide our stock with her," said Mr. Alcott, "and we will trust in Providence. The weather will moderate or wood will come." No wonder that the children trained in the Alcott household grew up heedless of privation and generous to those whose need was great. This is the true Christmas spirit. If our Christmastide is pervaded by real unselfishness we shall manifest to every one the love that Christ brought to the world.

No Room For Christ. (286)

A stranger entered a Russian publisher's office. He took out a manuscript from his pocket and asked to have it published. The publisher looked at the man,—he was an old man and poorly clad, and said: "No, it's no use looking at your sketch. I really cannot be bothered. We have hundreds of such things on hand." The visitor packed up his manuscript, saying that he must have been under a misapprehension, as the public liked what he wrote. "The public like what you write?" said the publisher.

"Who are you? What is your name?" "My name is Leo Tolstoy." Then the publisher full of apologies, ran around the counter, begging the privilege to publish the manuscript. But Tolstoy withdrew with the paper in his pocket. So when Christ came there was no room for him in the inn. He was crowded out. Do we crowd him out of our hearts and lives?—S. D. Gordon.

Highest Title: "Prince of Peace." (287)

Isa. 9:6.

On some railroads you will notice on the sleeve of the conductor as he comes after your ticket little gilt bars. Sometimes there is only one or two and sometimes there are three or four. They are to indicate the number of years that the man has worked for that road, and constitute a mark of honor and something to be proud of. A great many households have on some bookcase a two-volume book, on the back of which in gilt letters you read, "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," and underneath is a little band enclosed in gold lines, down the center of which are four gold stars. The four-starred band is the insignia that is worn on the sleeve of the general of the United States Army. Very few men have ever attained that rank. In 1866 Grant was elevated from the rank of lieutenant-general to that of full general. This office was subsequently conferred on Sherman and later on Sheridan, and they also were privileged to wear the four stars. They have a right to be proud of it, and Grant had a commendable spirit in putting it on the back of his book. It stands for ability, bravery, faithfulness, victory, and much more. There are some titles that are worth having and working for, but no one has ever laid claim to those that Isaiah mentions save One, whom all men love to hail as the "Prince of Peace," and over whose cradle in the manger the single star of Bethlehem shone in prophetic grandeur.—James M. Siller.

Think of Others. (288)

Some one has said, "The message of Easter is 'Think of heaven,' the message of the Fourth of July is 'Think of our nation,' the message of Thanksgiving is 'Think of your blessings,' the message of New Year's Day is 'Think on the passing time,' but the message of Christmas says, 'Think of others.'"—Ida Q. Moulton.

The Gift and The Spirit. (289)

A Christmas treat was to be given to some poor children at a mission hall in Edinburgh, and hundreds of little ones were assembled at the doors in advance of the hour of admittance. Among them was a little girl, thinly clad, and barefoot, on the cold, hard stones. She danced from foot to foot, but strove in vain to keep the biting, stinging chill out of her limbs. A boy who stood by watched her pittingly for a few minutes, and then snatched off his cap and dropped it on the stones. "There, lassie," he cried; "ye maun stand on that!"

It was the Christ spirit in that poor boy's heart that prompted the loving deed and word. In all the city of Edinburgh there was no more royal gift made that Christmas day—measuring the gift by the good will of which it sprang—than that benefaction of the street boy to his little sister in want.

What a long sweet, day of love's sunshine Christmas would be if every heart in this world would give out of its native abundance good will, cheerfulness, gentleness, courtesy, sympathy, little deeds of loving service, smiles of kindness, and words of comfort!—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

A Star and a Song. (290)

Those who visited the infant Jesus were led in different ways—first by a star, and secondly, by a song—and both were equally effective. The star was for the wise men. It would have been almost meaningless for the shepherds. The song was for the shepherds. It might have had little influence with the wise men. Each followed his own leading, met at the manger-cradle, and, looking into the face of the young child Jesus, both wise men and shepherds were filled with adoration and a spirit of worship and went away.

Some men come to Christ by the way of the star in these days. Appeals, they think, must be made, first of all, to the intellect. They must be persuaded concerning his divinity, the authenticity of the Scriptures, the genuineness of the mission of the church; and these are all stars which lead us to the Saviour.

There are others that come simply because they listen to the song. They have no need of argument. The music from heaven satisfies the deepest longings of their soul, and under its fascination they yield to his entreaties. But let it be noted that whether one comes by the star way or by the way of the song, the last step which leads into the kingdom must be taken by faith. In this we are all alike, whether wise or ignorant, rich or poor, young or old, for by faith we receive the gift of eternal life.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Christ Came to Change Lives. (291)

Christ came to change lives and he does it. And changed lives are best witness for him.

On a street corner one day a man of the world said to a minister, "The way that storm-beaten woman trusts in God and seems to be helped by him through all her tempestuous life is more impressive to me than any sermon I ever heard." And yet another testified thus: "No books that I ever read have so nourished in me a believing heart as have the goodness and the truth, the patience and fidelity that I have known in individual lives." At this Christmas season let us come more than ever under the power of the transforming Christ.—H.

Be a Reflector of Christ. (292)

In the Hebrides, Scotland, on Arnish Rock, Stornaway Bay, is a lighthouse without a lamp, but simply a mirror reflector, upon which at night a light from another lighthouse on the

mainland falls and is reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and through them converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction. The human soul, in its most perfect state, is a reflecting mirror that takes up and causes to shine abroad and into the darkness of the world the light which comes from Christ. At this Christmas season let us each resolve to take up more of the light from Christ and reflect it out upon the stormy sea of life. In this way we, too, can be saviours of the world. —11.

The Universal Christ. (293)

Italy celebrated Garibaldi, but Italy alone; Germany recalls Bismarck and the old Emperor, but not France; France remembers Napoleon, but England despises him; no foreign nation keeps Washington's birthday. What a tribute to greatness would be found if some one hero could command the admiration of a foreign people. But Jesus belongs to all the nations of the earth. He reigns supreme as the universal Master.

The Day-Star's Rising. (294)

The worth of Christ to the world and the joy of his advent is frequently set forth in the Scriptures under the idea of the rising sun or star or a light in the world. In Numbers he was spoken of as the "Star of Jacob." In Isaiah it is prophetically said: "The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light." In Malachi it is said: "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." Similar descriptions are given in the New Testament, by John the Baptist, who was sent to bear witness that "that was the true light;" by Christ himself, who said, "I am the light of the world;" by Peter, who spoke of the "day-star's rising in our hearts," and in the Revelation, where Christ is spoken of as "the bright and morning star" and "the light of the New Jerusalem." What intense joy is implied when it is said, "The day-spring from on high visited us."

We have read that near the North Pole, the night lasting for months, when the people expect the day is about to dawn, some messengers go up to the highest point to watch; and when they see the first streak of day they put on their brightest possible apparel, and embrace each other and say, "Behold the sun!" and the cry goes around all the land, "Behold the sun!" The world was in darkness. Long centuries had the people lain in ignorance and in sin. The cry of Zacharias was the joyful one: "Behold the sun." "Behold the Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing in his wings." "The day-spring from on high hath visited us."—H.

Make Known the Christmas Message. (295)

Have you ever heard how the astronomers pass the word along when one of the number finds a new comet, or catches sight of an old one, returned from its spacious wanderings? It is this way:

There exists among the astronomers a regular organization for this purpose. It is worldwide, and has two centers, one in Europe, and

one in America. The American center is Harvard University.

If, say at Lick Observatory in California, one of these mysterious celestial objects is discerned some night, the fortunate discoverer will at once telegraph to Cambridge, giving its position in the heavens. As soon as the orbit can be learned, the facts about this also are sent to Harvard. Both reports are at once sent from Harvard under the ocean, as fast as lightning can carry them, to the European central station at Kiel in Germany. From Harvard and Kiel the information is distributed by telegraph to the observatories of Europe and America. Thus, no matter what the weather may be at one place or at many, there will always be a number of trained eyes, with their powerful lenses as aids, fastened upon the heavenly visitor, who will be under constant observation until he sees fit to leave our solar system, and fly beyond the range of our prying telescopes.

But as I relate these plans of the wise men, I am led to wonder whether we are half as eager to spread abroad over the world the infinitely important good news which was proclaimed out of the opening heavens, two thousand years ago—the news of the advent of Christ, the Saviour!

(Continued from page 181)

Mass., is preaching a series of eight sermons entitled "The Ten Commandments in the Life of Today." The subjects are "Whom Do You Worship? What Are Your Gods?" "A Clean Mouth and a Reverent Spirit," "The First Essential of Well Trained Childhood," "The Sacredness of Life," "The Foundation of a Good Home," "Does All You Possess Belong to You?" "Can We Take Your Word?" "How do You Feel Toward Your Neighbors?"

Rev. O. C. Clark, of University Avenue Congregational Church, St. Paul, Minn., gave the following list of questions to his congregation to ponder over:

How do you account for the widespread carelessness in regard to personal religion as indicated by meager attendance upon public worship, and particularly for the scarcity of men in the sanctuary on the Sabbath?

Why the little interest in the work of our great national societies, upon which many of our churches are dependent for their very lives?

Why the fact that the devotional meetings of our churches are so difficult to sustain?

How can you account for the fact that when our boys reach a certain age so many of them drop out of the church and the Sunday School and nobody seems to care?

Why the fact that in so many of our churches the financial question is a menace to their prosperity, when, as a matter of fact, we know their resources are sufficient to meet the needs?

Why is the local missionary spirit in our cities so low? Why the reluctance to enter unoccupied fields?

Why can it be true that church expression and growth is not keeping pace with the increase in population and the expansion of business enterprises?

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

Cornell University has established a course in citizenship for the coming year. The purpose of the course is not to give technical training to civic and social workers; it is designed rather to make the undergraduates realize the opportunities and the responsibilities that await them as citizens in their home communities. The course is due to the efforts of a group of alumni who compose the Cornell Civic and Social Committee, working with the hearty co-operation of the faculty.—The Churchman.

* * *

In most of the foreign quarters of our great cities you will find clubs of young people, and of adults, too, whose faces are alight with the love of freedom and who are solemnly preparing for citizenship in the great republic. I have seen them by hundreds in the Ghetto and they look like the gift of God to our sordid civilization. But those other immigrants who come from American homes of luxury and are all unconscious of what they owe to the past or to their own people and their own city by virtue of its investment in them through a long and expensive dependency, what about them? What do they know for the most part of any single phase of city government—and when they are full grown they will be too busy to learn or care. Water, fire, streets, garbage, police, jails, courts—it makes little difference!

Let them be militant. Anything rather than the usual stupor and the continued aloofness from the second of the two great concerns of life—religion and politics. That ideal civic club, of which I think, graduates its members finally into the state.

When a Greek youth took the oath of citizenship he stood in the temple of Aglaurus overlooking the city of Athens and the country beyond, and said: "I will never disgrace these sacred arms nor desert my companions in the ranks. I will fight for temples and public property, both alone and with many. I will transmit my fatherland not only not less but greater and better than it was transmitted to me. I will obey the magistrates who may at any time be in power. I will observe both the existing laws and those which the people may unanimously hereafter make. And if any person seek to annul the laws or set of them at naught, I will do my best to prevent him and will defend them both alone and with many. I will honor the religion of my fathers, and I call to witness Aglaurus, Enyalios, Ares, Zeus, Thallo, Auxo and Hegemone."

With more at stake than Greece ever had, with more to do in directing social unrest to worthy ends, and lagging in the enactment of social justice as we do, with a great heterogeneous mass of people not yet welded together under a national ideal, with the baser element often in control and all misgovernment taking constant toll from the weak and defenseless, from the little children, the aged, the infirm and the poor, shall we not make full use of the best natural opportunity for civic training in the tendency of young people everywhere to form associations, groups and

clubs, and shall we not have faith that the new relay of hope and vigor which God gives to America in the rising generation, will respond nobly to the leadership and the challenge of those who believe that good citizenship is the most urgent demand made upon religion in this our day?—Allen Hoben, in Religious Education.

BIBLE EXAMINATIONS IN SCHOOLS.

Over a year ago the North Dakota State High School Board decided to give credit for Bible study done outside of school. Here are the questions of the May examinations:

Answer any ten questions. Time, 180 minutes.

1. Draw an outline map of Palestine, locating by name the chief river, the chief salt-water lake, the chief fresh-water lake, the capitals of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, the birthplace of Jesus, the early home of Jesus, also the land of the Philistines, the land of Moab, and Damascus.

2. Who or what were Aaron, Baal, Capernaum, Hebron, Jonathan, Nehemiah, Samson, Samuel, Stephen, Timothy?

3. Briefly discuss the four great periods of Hebrew history.

4. Briefly tell the story of Joseph and his brothers.

5. Briefly tell the story of Daniel, making clear his courage and faithfulness.

6. Briefly tell the story which follows the setting of the Book of Job.

7. Briefly explain Peter's vision at Joppa at the house of Simon, and explain its significance in the history of the early church.

8. Enumerate the chief events recorded in the Gospels concerning the life of Jesus prior to his first public miracle.

9. Briefly tell the story of Paul's first missionary journey.

10. Name thirty books of the Bible, telling whether each is in the Old Testament or the New.

11. Write a memory passage from the Old Testament, selecting a passage outside of the Psalms and about 150 words in length.

12. Write a memory passage from the New Testament, selecting a passage outside the Gospels and about 150 words in length.

The following are sermon topics used by some Baptist pastors:

Rev. Arthur C. Baldwin, Fall River, Mass., is preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons on "V. V.'s Eyes—The Making of a Soul," "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus,'" "The Ministry of Pain," "The Inside of the Cup—The Coming Age of Faith," and "Laddie—The Presence of Christ in the Home."

Rev. A. K. de Blois, of Boston, has begun a series of morning sermons on "Larger Aspects of the Christian Life," with special topics of "The Deeper Thoughtfulness," "The Broader Sympathy," "The Higher Optimism," "The Richer Experience" and "The Clearer Vision."

Rev. W. F. Wilson, of West Somerville, (Continued on page 180)

REPORTS AND GESTURES.

We have often wondered how it is that the church has not advanced faster, how it is that there is any decline in numbers, in attendance, or in any department, for, when we read the reports furnished the denominational paper, we learn that since the new pastor came, "congregations have doubled," the "membership has increased fifty per cent," the Sunday School has "grown in numbers and interest," the "collections for missions and their benevolences are 65 per cent beyond last year," "last Sunday morning's congregation was record-breaking," or the "largest seen in the church for many years," etc. Now, after reading all these—and many more—in the denominational papers, why should we find editorials on the "failure of the churches," "holding our own," "the old-time power," and similar topics.

Apparently we are not alone in our wonderment. See what the editor of the Baptist Standard says:

"The editor of the Examiner laments the disposition of some church correspondents to picture the conditions in their church in glowing colors, when as a matter of fact the facts are quite to the contrary. He says: 'For instance, a correspondent sends to his denominational paper a report stating that the church closed the year with all bills paid and a balance in the treasury, when, if the whole truth were told, it would reveal the fact that in order to pay all bills and to have a small balance the trustees had been compelled to give a note at the bank for five hundred or a thousand dollars.' There is another unfortunate habit into which some of the pastors fall. They describe in their letters to the denominational papers the terrible condition in which they found the churches to which they have just gone; they picture the wonderful developments after being on the field only a short time. In other words, proper credit is not given to the man who preceded them, and I am sure that many a pastor has been wounded as he read the letters of his successor. A few days ago we had a letter from a pastor who wrote, 'I found things here very much run down.' About the same time news came from the man who followed him at another place that things were run down there, too. Let us give due credit to all the workers."

The Baptist brethren are not alone in their views, for the Methodist editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate says:

"Bishop Henderson makes an appeal to his preachers for a 'baptism of accuracy,' citing numerous instances of inflated statistics where the pastor should, in the interest of truth, have submitted more modest figures. This lack of mathematical accuracy is not confined to the preachers under Bishop Henderson."

That is how what a preacher **says** impresses some editors. Here is how one preacher **looks** to a hearer who tells it in *The Advance*:

"Dr. Hugh Black gestures a good deal. I thought he kept his hands more active on account of his close reading of his sermon. Some of his gestures probably would not have been made if he had been speaking without notes. They would have been fewer and

wider. He keeps both hands rather well employed. He picks up pinches of truth with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and drops the truth thus picked up into the palm of his left. Now and then he grows more liberal, and grasps rather large handfuls of it, and conveys them to the other side of the pulpit, where they make a growing pile. He chops off the truth in measured lengths between his parallel palms, and stacks it up in a neat, little logical crib. Once in a long time he holds the truth in his left hand and hammers it home with his right. He has no wide or sweeping gestures. His action is that of the teacher rather than of the preacher."

Playing or Observing?

There are some lessons to be gained from a football field other than that our enjoyment of the game is a survival of our barbarian ancestor's love of battle.

Not long ago I heard a man say to a friend, who had been listening as he related a story of trial, "it is one thing to go through the experience, a much different thing to set in the grandstand." But to the man who is playing the game it doesn't matter a great deal who is in the grandstand? Of course the man who is in the grandstand, knows nothing,—absolutely nothing about the personal experiences of the man who is in the game. Yet in the moment of rush, the close contact of the struggle, and the almost fiendish fight for victory there are many things that the man in the game cannot see, that the fellow in the grandstand can see. The utter meanness of some of the dirty work, and the glory of some of the brilliant plays, are felt and seen best by the men in the grandstand. If you are in the grandstand it often means that you have a real interest in the friend who is fighting the desperate battle on the field. How often we have seen games when we felt that a good deal of the success that came to the winning team was the result of the support given by the men on the grandstand. In many of the battles men have fought in life,—in the hour of their greatest struggle and need,—how much the presence, sympathy, and cheer of men on life's grandstand has meant,—how it has nerved the courage and faith of the hard-pressed player until victory came.

HAD HIS BEST WISHES.

In an association of ministers, when Dr. Henry Ward Beecher was present, one of them arose and said. "Mr. Beecher, my congregation has delegated me to ask this question of you: We have in our congregation one of the purest and most lovable men you ever saw. He is upright, honest, generous, the heartiest supporter of the church we have—the friend of the poor, the beloved of the children, a veritable saint—but he does not believe in some of the generally accepted dogmas. Now where do you think he will go after death?"

Mr. Beecher was equal to the occasion. Hesitating a moment, he said:

"I never dare say where any man will go after death, but wherever this man goes he certainly has my best wishes."

THE CHURCH ORGAN DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. E. WOODRUFF

[Inquiries addressed to Pipe Organ Department of The Expositor will receive attention by Mr. Woodruff, who will also furnish a series of articles that we hope will save churches thousands of dollars and give them music that will aid in worship.—Editor.]

Since the institution of this department in The Expositor the editor has received and answered organ queries from more than forty individual pastors and committeemen, and in some cases the correspondence with individuals has extended to many letters of detail as to specifications, details of stops, etc. In many cases the editor has been asked to name organ firms of reputation and ability and of business integrity. In many other cases he has been asked to revise a number of specifications and compare them, stating where the best value was to be secured. Thus the letters have ranged, not without perplexities—but so far as he has been able the writer has dealt promptly with his correspondents. He has frequently asked in return for more particulars—sometimes receiving such particulars as would aid in making up his judgment, and sometimes not receiving detailed reply.

One letter, which in its make-up is not unique, may be taken as the text of this writing. The writer, a clergyman in the middle West, says that the congregation is interested in the matter of a new pipe organ and wants to know about how much of an organ can be had for an approximate sum—how many stops, what the character of those stops should be, etc. That form of query we pass as quite usual. The writer also confessed having no knowledge whatever of the intricate subject in hand, and stated that nobody on whom he could call was at all posted. That, also, may be passed as quite a usual condition. Now we come to the meat of it. The letter went on to say—and perhaps this may find a general echo: "We are not after any new fangled instrument for recital purposes and we haven't anybody who could play such an organ in that way. We just want a serviceable organ that will be a reliable accompaniment for choir and congregation, and that will behave itself and keep maintenance expenses at the minimum."

The foregoing is not a literal quotation, but it expresses the idea that has come to me in several letters. Now I am in sympathy with the notion that the average church hasn't money to "blow" on unnecessary solo luxuries or tone startlers. I know that a sensible, reliable organ, ready to do its work when called upon, and serving its own purpose in the stated worship, is what is mostly wanted.

But I wish to point out that the first and prime essential of any church organ, no matter how small, is that it shall have that *sine qua non*—an adequate, mellow, pervading, diapason quality. Whether for church or auditorium, for any purpose whatever, an organ should be built on a solid diapason foundation. And that kind of a diapason foundation cannot be secured in cheap work, nor even if

secured, could such a tone be relied on unless the pipes were guaranteed a full steady and adequate wind pressure. So the first requisite of a church organ is itself an argument against mere cheapness. To range through my own experience, I know organs of eight or ten stops in which the principal diapason with octave couplers would almost submerge the whole organ of like size of merely "cheap" make-up.

I have had scheme after scheme submitted to me, which, in a small two manual, calls for no self octave couplers on one of the manuals. And I have repeatedly stated that these ought to be included. Reply from the bidders, "It is not usual to include octave couplers on both manuals in such a small instrument." Usual? For whom? Perhaps not for that bidder. But it ought to be usual. A small organ needs full octave couplers even more than a big one. Stick a pin there. Cheapest builders may not furnish such couplers. Then seek somebody who does.

Again, as to the reference to "new fangled" stops. I suppose this writer refers, among others, to string stops of characteristic quality. It is easier and, of course, cheaper, to make merely conventional and approximate string stops, "cut out of a stencil pattern," and to charge less. But that characteristic string is one of the most beautiful things to be found in organ tone. It penetrates; it is lovely as a solo stop and it blends with anything. With such a stop a small organ can be played, in service, or recital, with an effect not to be achieved otherwise, and the player's resources begin to be developed in the process, and his ear becomes educated. And the congregation also becomes sensitive to such tones, and once used to them, would find it dull not to hear them. Such stops cost a little more than the stenciled cut stops, but they are worth the money. May I state rather boldly that not even the smallest organs should be without this perfectly possible tonal luxury—nay, this almost necessary tonal feature.

When we get to a larger two manual it has been found by the eminent builders that they can give, where it was formerly not to be dreamed, a strong chorus reed stop—so dominating that it is martial and stirring when used with the swell box open, and yet possible to so diminish with a properly constructed swell box that it can be used for accompanying the choir. This chorus reed of big volume and searching tone has transformed some of the smaller two manuals into really capable instruments for any use. I have two or three such in mind where a modest cost has given tone values in strings and reeds that formerly were possessed by only the greater sized organs.

Now it is well understood as a principle of human nature that a pastor and people will insist on liking an organ when once it is installed, and will not awake to any faults in

it, at least not until some considerable time has elapsed, and the fault, if any, comes to realization rather from comparison on the part of the people with other instruments, or from the frequent reminders of visitors and friends that the organ is not what it should be. To remedy things at such a time means money and worry, and the fact strikes a people with unwelcome impact that lack of care—lack of precaution, lack of energy to add a little to the first cost—has resulted in the placing of an unworthy thing as an adjunct of the services. Lots of churches have been through such unwelcome experience. Some have then spent more money, and spent it wisely, and have emerged happy. Others have made a second mistake also as bad as the first. At any rate, useless expense has been incurred which might have been saved in the first instance.

I am not saying, mind you, that a fund of, say, \$2,200 should be raised to \$2,500 before making a move—or that any particular sum should be advanced by a certain ratio. What I am saying is that an organ to be true and fine, must, whether large or small, have for this day and date certain essentials of construction and certain voices as fundamentals and as accessories, and certain mechanical console helps, and should also be guaranteed for a certain period. To rush in short of these essentials is to invite future disappointment.

One or two letters that have come to me have asked about Christmas music, apropos of the trend toward some of the ancient and venerable carols. Let me briefly make a suggestion. Any willing and fairly capable volunteer choir can get and can master some of the most delightfully satisfying Christmas music of the carol realm. Take that perfectly charming modern carol, "Eve of Grace," published by The H. W. Gray Co. It is the most beautiful thing of its kind that I can recall, and to sing it means refreshment to both choir and people. Its flavor is unwonted. The H. W. Gray Co., or Schirmer, or Fischer Bros., of New York, will send a suggested list of ancient or modern Christmas carols. Many of these are wonderfully adapted for children's choirs and auxiliary choirs, as well as regular choirs. Many of the arrangements from ancient sources by Dr. Biedermann, and published by Fischer and Brother, will give a flavor to Christmas that congregations have too long been deprived of. The same may be said of some interesting arrangements by Dickinson, and published by the Gray Co., of New York. The best Christmas suggestion I can make is: Get some of these ancient Christmas carols and enjoy the flavor of the Nativity narrative, and sense the medieval mysticism and spiritual aspiration as you never before have done. The writer will cheerfully answer questions in detail as to some choirs of different capability and for special seasons. I will go a step further and say that in certain churches the real flavor of Christmas has never been so loved, in the worship of song, as since they have made the ancient carols a part of the annual singing and hearing.

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HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT

BEST OF RECENT SERMONS

Rev. George Ernest Merriam, Rev. James Learmount, Rev. F. A. Noble, Rev. J. L. Elderdice

A SECURE DWELLING PLACE

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

TEXT: "The eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. 33:27. (R. V.)

As we pass through the varied experiences of human life, what utterance could be found more inspiring to use than those significant words which occur in the song of blessing that was pronounced by Moses on the children of Israel, just prior to his death on Mount Nebo: "The eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

These words we may feel sure were impressed upon the minds and hearts of the leaders, if not of the people themselves. Moreover, they have proven a precious legacy to the children of God ever since. Yet it is an honest question whether they are fully appreciated save in special hours. In the time of crisis, or of destiny, then we invoke the guidance and help of the Eternal Power. The crisis past, the Creator is forgotten; destiny fully seen, deity itself is ignored.

I. Special providence.

The old idea of a special providence is illustrated by the familiar tale of our childhood. The good German count, though his life is in danger, because of his pronounced Christian views, invites the children to his castle at night and royally entertains and feasts them. Toys strewn in the corner, crumbs scattered upon the floor, and nuts dropped here and there, bring no reproof. That night the would-be murderer, entering unheard, makes his way to the floor, and to the very room where the count sleeps. The chamber itself is entered, and in a few moments the deadly knife will have done its work, but even as the assassin holds his breath to give added lightness to his step, a nut crunches beneath his foot. The sleeper awakens; the bell-ropes and weapon of defense are at hand, and the count is saved.

We would not discount the fact that God can, and does, on special occasions and in unique ways, safeguard his saints. Yet there is a new idea of providence abroad in our day and generation. We believe in a continuous providence that watches over America in its hours of peace; and over Armenia in the very hour of massacre. Though the so-called "Powers" of Europe failed to interfere at the time of the latter's need, though the massacre went on unchecked, we believe there was, even then, a Providence that heard and felt, and acted.

Our God is a loving parent watching over us in hours of darkness as well as of light. Was it not in the night time, following imprisonment and danger, that the Lord stood by his servant, Paul? As then he said, "Be of good cheer," so now he utters the same message to us in our every hour of doubt, despair and disappointment.

II. As we look into the past we cannot but be grateful for all the goodness that has been manifested by a higher Power to us and to ours. To rightly consider it would require a lifetime; a true appreciation of the facts involves so much. It is a matter of ancestry, of history, and of science; we are what we are, and we have what we have, and we can do what we do, because of the blood in our veins, because we are the resultant of the rise and fall of nations, and because great scholars and investigators have done their work, and we have benefited thereby. Moreover, ours is the legacy of the thought and the toil and the tears of millions of workers; we hear the hum of their voices still rising from the fields, forests and factories of the past. The sigh of the spade, the ring of the axe, the burr of the loom, echoes down the years, and to such varied and multiple music we take up our tasks and follow after. Our pains are often warnings, and our disappointments are steps in the stairway of success.

III. As we think of the words of Moses, there should not only be gratitude for the past, but a desire for harmony in the present. Without harmony we not only fall short of our Christian faith, but we fail to understand the meaning of life itself. It is most unpleasant to be out of tune with those among whom we live, whether in the house, the church or in the community.

From such human differences we may escape, by removal on our part or by the ostracism of our misunderstanding and, doubtless, misunderstood fellows. Not so when we differ with the Divine. The Eternal God is our dwelling-place. We live with and in him. If we are out of tune with the Creator of the universe, we are out of tune with the universe itself; and how many, if they listened, would find their lives jangling and discordant, rather than filled with the melody of life natural and supernatural. The piano must have frequent attention from the expert or it will lose its pitch and one note will jar upon another. Can we say that we have not lost our pitch, spiritually; that we are not out of harmony with the old faith; and with the ways of the church; and with the ways of Christ? His is the key-note; his is the concert pitch. Bearing this in mind, are we in tune or out of tune?

IV. Perhaps we have felt all this, and though we have wandered from home, now we are longing to be back again, hungry for the loaves in our Father's house, thirsty for the pure water from the old well. You doubtless have heard of the vessel on the high seas near the coast of South America that displayed the signal of distress; they were in need of a fresh supply of drinking water. A passing ship returned their signal with the message: "Cast down your buck-

ets where you are." The signals were repeated on either side again and again, until, in spite of the seeming folly of it all, the buckets were thrown over and the officers drew them up filled with sparkling fresh water borne far out from the shores of land, into the bosom of the ocean itself, by the mighty current of the Amazon River. So you and I can find all about us that which will quench our thirst and satisfy our hunger and bring us back to our Father's home, if only we will obey the answering signals which come from across the waves. There is a wonderful power in nature itself and in the world about us, that not only reminds us of our needs, but satisfies them.

V. Above all, is there a power in the Old Book? When the Black Forest robbers, reckless and irreverent, were offering an old Bible, taken as part of their spoils, to the highest bidder, and when in derision the auctioneer read therefrom certain passages, it was taken in the scoffing spirit of the leader by all save one. That one dropped to his knees, for the words to which he listened were the very words read at the family altar the morning he ran away from home. His fellows supposed that he, too, was playing his part, but the morrow found him excusing himself from the proposed raid and spending his hours with the pages familiar in childhood; and yet another morrow found him turning his steps toward other scenes and a new life. Perhaps this is a modern parable rather than a biographical incident, but there is indeed an eye that ever watches and an ear that ever listens. It is the eye of the Good Shepherd seeking out the lost sheep; and it is the ear also of the Master Musician, who would have each member of his orchestra playing in perfect harmony with every other.

Turning our backs upon the past and facing the future, what do we most need with every new day? Is it not the spirit of trusts? The past is known in memory; the present is known in experience; the future is unknown, and its atmosphere seems to be that of darkness, danger and doubt; yet in very truth it is the atmosphere of God. Why should we be nervous, over-anxious and over-strenuous?

VI. As in the past, so in the future; God is still our Father, and Christ still points to the sparrow that cannot fall to the ground without its Maker.

In Todd's "World of Chance" the sun rose one day at six and another day at eleven o'clock. In some years the grain was nourishing and good for the physical life of man, and other years it was but poison to his flesh. On the same tree hung now tempting and delicious fruit, and now the less attractive cucumber, and yet again the worthless gourd. As the train moved over the tracks, the fire in the engine first caused the water to boil and again caused it to freeze. One man, with eyes in the top of his head, only with great difficulty could see the way he should go, and was in constant danger of being blinded by the sun, while another had his legs mis-mated, one having no joints and the other having four, all of which operated in the wrong direction.

You and I do not live in such a world as this. When we find that the stars are indeed out of place, when the sun fails to rise, and when mother-love is no more, then we may cease to trust,

but not till then. The spirit of the great apostle should be ours. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Spurgeon, very early in life, learned the lesson of faith out of the experience of his family. He knew how disaster came to his godly grandfather and of the confidence of that good minister of the Gospel, that God would care for his own. He knew how, in the hour of need, there came the gift unsought and unexpected. Although he came to know also the source of the donation and its human instrumentality, yet the lesson of faith remained with him, and therein we may see the secret of his great spiritual power and of his great leadership. You and I wish to be Christlike. We cannot be like him, save as we have something of his constant calm and poise.

VII. Our belief in the "everlasting arms," and our reception of the message to "be of good cheer" proffer an opportunity for personal imitation. Imitation is the finest expression of high esteem, of gratitude and of genuine harmony. Imitation, in matters of trust, as in matters of religion, is the essence of worship; for we can imitate Deity itself. Supported by him, we are to support others. We are workers together with God in this as in much else. He is our Comfort; that is, he comes to us with strength, comforting "us in all our afflictions, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Dr. Jewett is right: "God comforts us not that we may be comfortable, but that we may comfort others." The very word "God" means good; that is, being good and doing good. In this sense we are God-like! Are we indeed Christians, for Christ is God?

Life is much like Alpine climbing; only the fool dares it alone. Every wise tourist is linked to his fellow, and he knows that the head of the line is the Swiss guide with knowledge and experience. You and I will succeed in this matter of the imitation of the Deity, only as the Master leads the way, and as we, with our fellows, are linked to him in the bonds of Christian sympathy. Robert Louis Stevenson, speaking of his unconscious conversion, said: "I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God." Only as the same steersman is at the helm of our life may we safely traverse the high seas and put in at last at the haven we desire; that is the heaven of our faith.

Let us not forget then that divine love surrounds us on every hand; let us also not forget that this eternal affection is watching over the sinner as well as over the saint. And we also are responsible for the wandering and the lost. Would we know the infinity of God's providential love we must seek to express it as we may to others about us who as yet have felt it not, and who have even greater need of it than we have.

A French artisan, visiting a factory where ribbons are produced, had his attention attracted to a most complex and interesting machine. There were wheels within wheels and myriad threads passing this way and that. His quick eyes studied the mechanism until he could almost grasp the secret from the workmen themselves. With a quick appreciation of the marvels of this machinery, and desiring to understand this chief principle,

he asked if he might open the door and look into the interior. "The master has the key," was the quiet reply.

Just so, you and I are perplexed by the mechanism of the world about us, even within our own

bodies. Even less can we understand the central principles that control and the eternal force that moves the one and the other. To all our queries comes the same quiet, and if we only stop to think, the satisfactory answer, "The Master has the key."

A CHRISTMAS TALK TO YOUNG PEOPLE

REV. JAMES LEARMOUNT

The holidays have come round once more. The sentiment of the day is "Hurrah for Christmas!" It finds, I know, a responsive chord in the hearts of all boys and girls who have been doing their best at school since the summer holidays. The summer holidays are splendid, but Christmas! that is your time in particular. It is the children's innings. And I am glad for your sake, and wish every hard working boy and girl a good time.

On Christmas eve I know you would like to keep your little eyes upon the fire-place in your bed-room; you would like to catch one glimpse of good Santa Claus with his long white beard, and his dear, kind old face, as he enters through that strange door and leaves behind him so many good things that you will be able to enjoy during all the long winter evenings, as the wind whistles outside and the fire roars cheerfully up your chimney. But see to it that you don't have a fire in your room on Christmas eve, whatever you do; that would be altogether too warm a reception for good Santa.

I wonder what you know about Santa Claus. Your parents—some of them at all events—think that some of their children know too much. But Santa Claus was one of the oldest ideas of the Celtic West in pagan times, as he was of the pagan East before. In Christian times he was still regarded with religious reverence, sitting—as he had sat for ages in Egypt and elsewhere—in the arms of his mother. Santa Claus was, in fact, the Child Jesus in the middle ages; and throughout that period the festive creed of Germany, and all Celtic Europe, was that he visited all family dwellings of good Christians on the eve of his anniversary, and brought with him gifts and presents for the children. The truth of this original belief is seen in that the word "claus" means in the Gothic or ancient German, "child" and "son." Santa Claus formerly meant "Holy Child." And that is the right idea for us now. We have not only our Christmas stockings filled, but we ourselves are filled with good things because Jesus Christ came into this world. I wonder if you grasp the fact; all things and all blessings and all powers are in the hands of Jesus.

A story is told of the head master of a great public school. The boys knew him to be learned, but they thought him severe and hard-hearted, and much too strict. They deceived him as often as they could, and would use the books called "cribs," which saved them study. They disregarded his lectures, and paid no more attention than they were obliged to pay to his orders. But one day a boy in the school was badly hurt in the playgrounds, and someone ran to tell the master. He came instantly, and sent one of the boys to fetch a doctor. While he waited for the doctor to come, he took the injured boy in his arms, tenderly bound up his wound, and

comforted and cheered him. The boys looked on in wonder. They had never seen the master in that light before. "Why, he loves us!" one of the boys said in amazement. From that time there was a different spirit in the school. The boys trusted him, respected him, and followed his instructions. They had come to believe in him.

And that is what this glad time ought to do us all with regard to Jesus. It ought to convince us of his love for us. Jesus came into the world, lived, died, and rose again, because he loved us. And if Christmas is bright he made it so.

I had a letter from a lady last Christmas, and in it she said: "Santa Claus was very good to Alec, brought him a lot of presents, but one book he particularly wanted Santa could not get, so he wrote such a funny little note, telling him he would send it later on. He has sent it on now. Alec had a new Bible, four story books, two drawing books, two boxes of sweets, a box with four tops, half a crown, the game of ping pong, and right in the toe of his stocking was a pair of slippers. He has a special stocking, I ought to say; the foot is about twelve inches long and very wide, and such a leg—fit for Jack the Giant Killer. His uncle and aunt made it for him years ago, so I always have to wash it up for Christmas." There is a fine hint for you in that stocking. Stockings are so much better than pillow cases—they stretch. You, I have no doubt, will have a similar experience to that of my little friend Alec. And you will be just as happy over it. But do not forget that all God's love to you is sent that you yourself may become like him, and may imitate his works.

Sarah Keables Hunt has given us a sweet story-poem wherein she shows how all children may keep Christmas:

"Two little stockings hung side by side,—
Close to the fireplace broad and wide,
'Two?' said Santa Claus, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game,
'Ho! ho!' said he with a laugh of fun,
'I'll have no cheating, my pretty one!
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here.
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird, about,
'Ah! what's this?' said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specs, up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough plan.
'Dear Santa Claus,' so it began.
'The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a girl named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, tonight,

And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's. I shall not care.'
Santa Claus brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a
sigh.

Then softly he blew, through the chimney high.
A note like a bird's as it soars on high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side of earth's portals.
'Hurry up!' said Santa Claus, 'and nicely prepare
All the little girl wants where money is rare.'
Then, oh! what a scene there was in that room,
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom

Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low,
A child's whole wardrobe from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them
in
And fastened one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,
'She will think it came from the sky, I guess,
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, 'God pity the poor and bless the dear
child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!'"

INVISIBLE PATCHING

REV. FRANKLIN A. NOBLE, D. D.

Text: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." 2 Cor. 5:17.

Almost every day I have occasion to go past the shop of a cobbler in whose window there hangs a neatly printed card, bearing the inscription: "Invisible Patching."

It is a taking device. To most of us, walk as daintily as we will there come times when we must stop and discuss the very homely question of clouting the shoe or throwing it aside. It seems too good for the ash heap, not quite good enough to give away, and by no means decent to wear as it is. But we are used to it, and it is comfortable—proverbially comfortable. If only there could be some trick by which the break or the hole might be repaired, and at the same time not show any of the mender's stitches, how nice it would be! Pride and economy and conservatism would strike hands and rejoice in the prospect.

What my own particular experience with these patchers who patch after the invisible fashion has been, it is not necessary to relate. It is enough to say, that as often as I see the above-mentioned sign, I think of the effect a little exposure to the rain, or a vigorous tramp in the woods and by the brooks will be sure to have on our Crispin's fine job; and I say immediately: "No more of this for me! If we must have patches, let them be patches, laid on in the good old honest style of the art."

I. Unfortunately this invisible patching business is not confined to the cobblers. A great many people are trying to do the same thing, or something analogous to it, in higher spheres. The fancy is abroad that mishaps, and lapses of one sort or another, and immoral excesses can be easily concealed by a little shrewd manoeuvring, and that character, cracked or worn through by irregularities of life, can be mended, and made to appear as good as new, by a little deftness of external manipulation.

II. Families once rich, but now depleted in fortune, or having some ghastly skeleton in the closet, instead of bravely facing the facts, and making the best of them, not unfrequently resort to this and that and the other cunning expedient to maintain a good outward showing. The airs of those with whom everything is all right are loftily assumed. Through speech, in dress, in going and coming, in hospitalities, in plans announced, a systematic effort is made to

keep up appearances. That, indeed is the one end to which all skill and energy are directed; the keeping up of appearances. There is nothing behind but defeat and sorrow. There is nothing within but hollowness. Life is a series of subterfuges. From first to last, if it is possible to avoid it, there is no admission of the gaunt figures of Fear and Want and Shame standing back in the shadows tormenting the soul. If only the patch can be put on so that it will not look like a patch, that is all! Thanks to the laws of God, which are in array against all shams, it cannot be.

III. Here is one in whose habits of sobriety there begin to be indications of ugly rents. He is coming under the power of strong drink. He is conscious of it; but he loves liquor, and he lacks the moral force to dash the cup from his lips, and turn his back resolutely on intoxicating beverages. Still, he has sufficient pride of character, and sufficient regard for his own welfare and standing in the community, to wish that it may not be generally known that he drinks. So he tries the trick of powerful spices and burnt coffee, and nobody, save the apothecaries and the liquor vendors know what not, to disguise his breath, and make it appear that he is not drinking at all. How vain the attempts at concealment and deception! There is no jugglery a man can practice on himself or the world whereby he can drink and not have it known that he drinks.

IV. Close at hand is another whose integrity is worn through. The markets and the exchanges have brought their temptations, and he has yielded and his honesty is gone. He knows it. He knows also the value of a reputation for uprightness. If he is to make headway, he must be thought at least to be straightforward. But instead of confessing his wrongdoing, and putting it all away from him, and starting out anew, he begins to form what seem to him adroit schemes, and to act parts, and to tell lies, in order to cover up his defects, and get on. Of course he fails. So long as the sunshine lasts, and there is no hard strain, the plan may work. So soon, however, as there comes any real test of moral strength, all these patchwork duplicities, and all the smart contrivances at concealment, will be sure to leap into exposure. The simple fact is, moral qualities cannot be successfully hidden or assumed. In the long run a man will pass for

just what he is; for just what he is, and nothing else.

V. When we turn about and look at ourselves on the God-ward side, and in our God-ward relations, it will be seen that this is a truth which reaches down and out, a great way. Not a few appear to think that the mischiefs wrought by sin can be mended, and mended so that nobody will be able to detect the line where the new is joined on to the old, by a few simple artifices learned in the schools. Back in the old days there were prophets who thought they could make the spiritual natures of men just as good as new, without putting them to the trouble of repenting of their iniquities, and believing in God, and trying their best to do his will. In our modern days, I think I know of some meeting house, across whose portals the words of our cobbler's card might be fitly written. The promises made

are so captivating, and the whole thing is to be done on such easy terms. A tolerable amount of knowledge, the graces of intellectual and social culture, good nature, and a plenty of charity for everybody—except, forsooth, the man who believes something and has downright convictions—these skilfully applied will mend the man up, and make him look, at any rate, just as good as new.

VI. It is needless to say that all this finds no shelter in the New Testament. The method of Christ is the method of the new birth and recreation. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." To be as good as new, one must be new. To be saved, souls must accept Christ, and come under the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring the reason and the will and the conscience forward into conformity to God. In the matter of character let us have no "patching" of any kind.

THE ISOLATION OF SIN

REV. JAMES L. ELDERDICE

Text: "Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." Genesis 4:14.

When God pronounced a curse upon Cain for the murder of his brother Abel, Cain complained that his punishment was greater than he could bear. "Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." Thus did man early learn the sad lesson that sin separates from good; that by a changeless law of moral repulsion the sinner is isolated from both God and man; that the word "depart" uttered to workers of iniquity is not an arbitrary one, but voices a law of God that runs through all his moral realm.

I. Sin separates the sinner from his fellow-men.

Cain felt that he could not be to others after his crime what he had been before. "I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." He had broken the bonds of fellowship that bound him to his neighbors. Sin always does this. A man sins and all at once he imagines his old friends are turned against him. He will walk a block out of his way to avoid meeting one who has always treated him kindly. When Adam disobeyed God he tried to hide from him. What else ever alienates friends but wrongdoing somewhere?

II. Sin divides families.

Though their members may be scattered far and wide, so long as they are united by the ties of a common love and sympathy, like Wordsworth's little maid, they may truthfully maintain, "We are seven." But the son becomes headstrong and unruly, commits folly, and goes astray from the parental roof, not through fear of punishment, but because he feels that his sinful conduct has isolated him from all that was dearest and best at home. Sin pushed the prodigal son away to become the companion of outcasts. Where shall we find sadder illustrations of this truth than in the cases of erring

daughters whose shameful lives have shut them out of the family circle, from home and happiness?

And so with alienations between brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. Back of every reason given for divorces lies the fact of sin, jealousy, intemperance or marital infidelity.

III. Sin separates from the comforts of life. "A fugitive!" Sin cuts its victims off from the best things of this life, as well as of that which is to come. Their "good time" soon proves to be a bad time—privations, poverty, want. "He began to be in want," is the common story. The inmates of jails, penitentiaries and almshouses are isolated from the comforts, pleasures and privileges of good society—from the social connections and positions that are open to God-fearing and law-abiding citizens.

IV. Sin separates from God.

"From thy face shall I be hid." It is a wrong idea that God puts the transgressor away from him. The soul takes its own step away from God. Sin is the cloud which hides his face and brings the isolation. "Your sins have separated between you and me." The loneliest man on earth is he who goes about with a secret in his heart that separates him from God. David and Peter lost for a time the sense of the divine presence because of their transgressions.

In the eternal world it will still be sin that separates man from God, that fixes the "great gulf" between the inhabitants of heaven and hell. The wicked will be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power."

V. But there is another, and a brighter phase to this dark subject. God's blessed word, as well as human experience, reveals not only the consequences of sin, but also the salvation provided.

Restoration to, and reunion with all that is good, may be effected on the simple condition that sin be repented of and confessed and pardon sought for.

How this expedient affects human reconciliations, as in the cases of Jacob and Esau, and

that of the prodigal and his father. "I have sinned." What peace when we acknowledge our wrong-doings one to another, when husband and wife put away the cause of alienation, when friends forgive each other. Confession and abandonment of sin restore the erring to the forfeited comforts and privileges of good society, and restore again our fellowship with God. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Obedience to God means union and fellowship with him now and forever. So

long as we hearken to his voice, and turn away from evil, so long we can rejoice in the assurance that "neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword, shall separate us from the love of Christ." We may triumphantly declare, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

UNUSUAL

A GREAT COMPLIMENT.

The late Dr. Dashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself. Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child, was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand, and said: "Larry, you's a good preacher, you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a soundin' brass and tinklin' cymbal."

CAUSED TO SUFFER.

Bishop Stubbs was witty, even when he grumbled. He was not willing to be moved from Chester to Oxford; and he said, as he left the chapter house: "I am like Homer; I suffer from translations."

ON THE CHOIR.

There are certain stock jokes about the choir and its music, as for instance, the old one about chopping the words of an anthem. The story goes that the quartet rose to sing a pretentious piece. First the soprano announced that she would wash; then the tenor affirmed that he too would wash; no sooner were the words out of the tenor's mouth than the bass gave out that he also would wash; the alto, not to be left out of the weekly ablutions, stated firmly that she would wash. Then the four ends were gathered up, and the quartet informed the listeners that, severally and collectively, they would wash their hands in innocency. While the story is funny enough it must be apocryphal, for no composer out of bedlam would commit himself to such a ridiculous sequence, nor would any director fail to see the ludicrous side.

HE LOVED TO STEAL.

Trouble had arisen among the singers of a certain church, and on one Sabbath morning the minister found himself without a choir. He read the old familiar hymn, commencing "I love to steal a while away." In the absence of the choir one of the deacons threw himself into the breach and undertook to lead off. He pitched the tune and sang, "I love to steal," but had it so high that he broke down. He tried it a second time, and again broke down at steal, it was so low. Not discouraged, he tried it the third time, and sang "I love to steal," and then went down as before. At this point the audience became amused and the minister arose and said, "It is greatly to be regretted. Let us pray."

HE WANTED ALL THE TRIMMINGS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Delaware, told the following story to some friends whom he was visiting recently:

"A young man came up to me one day with the remark: 'Bishop, I want you to marry me on next Wednesday.'

"All right, I'll marry you.'

"Well, I want the church bell to ring.'

"Yes, you can have the bell rung.'

"Well, I want the organ to play.'

"All right, you can have the organ.'

"And I want everything else anybody ever had at a church wedding.'

"You shall have it.'

"Well, the night came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded, and everything went off as the young man wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple waited instead of leaving the chancel. So I held out my hand, shook hands with the bride and then held out my hand to the bridegroom. He had his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and as I stood with my hand out he said, somewhat impatiently and in a tone that could be heard all over the church:

"I'm getting the money out just as fast as I can.'

"Then everybody in the church giggled."

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

That an electric current of 1,000 volts is equal in food value to a porterhouse steak with potato chips, is the opinion of Prof. Bergonie, Bordeaux scientist.—News item.

Today is Christmas day, my dears,

On dynamos we'll dine,

Then take a right good kilowatt

For old lang syne;

And while we feast, let's not forget

The homeless and the poor,

But send them ohms to eat that they

May ohmless be no more.

But children, do not volt your food—

'Twill ampere your digestion—

And be careful Watt you eat

Is meter, without question.

CAN'T PLAY.

"Well, neighbor Slummidge, how much shall I put down for you to get a chandelier for the church?"

Neighbor S. "Shoo! what we want to git a chandeeler for? The' hain't nobody kin play on ter it when we do git it?"

MISINTERPRETED TEXTS

WILLIAM EVANS, MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE, CHICAGO, ILL.

LUKE 14:12-14. "Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

1 Peter 3:3-4. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Are we to understand that these verses forbid us to invite our friends to a social meal, and that whenever we arrange for such we must invite the poor who are unable to return the invitation? Are we to believe that we are here taught that we must not under any circumstances wear jewelry, or braid the hair, or wear fine clothing? So many good and well-meaning people would have us believe. At camp meeting and at conference the surrender of all jewelry adorning the person has been called for as a token of the full surrender of heart and life to Jesus Christ, the wearing of such being looked upon as a sin definitely condemned by the injunction of the apostle Peter. And such an interpretation might seem to be the proper one to the superficial reader. Of course, if this be the true meaning of these passages then some of the sweetest and best of the chosen ones of God have grievously sinned in this respect, for they have not stripped themselves of all their ornaments, they have braided their hair, and worn fine clothing, they have invited their rich friends to dine with them, and they have, in turn, accepted invitations to dine with them. Were they sinning in so doing? Let us see.

All the prohibitions of the Scripture are not to be understood in an absolute sense; many have a relative sense and meaning. The relative meaning of any part of the Scripture is to be determined by its setting. The two passages we are dealing with are illustrations of the relative meaning of Scripture. Let us look at the first. The truth that the Master is emphasizing here is not that it is wrong to invite our friends and neighbors to any social function, but that in so doing we should not expect any reward therefor, unless perchance, that which might come from a returning invitation from them. But if we invite the poor, those who cannot return our kindness by another invitation, and do this for love's sake, indeed for His sake, this act will be rewarded in the resurrection of the just. Thus we see that this injunction is to be understood in a relative and not in an absolute sense. It is for this reason that the Master utters the following words of promise: "Thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

The same thing may be said with regard to the exhortation found in the epistle of Peter. The apostle is not absolutely forbidding the wearing of jewelry. He is drawing a contrast between the things that make for real, true womanhood in the sight of God, and those that make up womanhood in the sight of man. The true Christian woman must (and will) recognize that the quiet, gentle spirit is a greater decoration than many jewels and much gold. She must seek after the former rather than the latter. If this be the true interpretation then we have no right to pronounce the wearing of jewelry as sinful. That it may become so, that in many, many cases it is so—being worn simply for pride—no one can deny. Let us, however, be careful not to pronounce sinful what the word of God does not call sin.

Matt. 24:34. "Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."

This verse has been used by some as an argument against the premillennial coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is asserted that Christ said to the people standing around him that the generation in which they were living and of which they formed a part should not pass away until all the events in connection with his coming were fulfilled. That generation, we are told, has passed away, and many other generations, too, consequently Christ must have come ere this.

The meaning of this verse and its bearing upon the doctrine of the second coming of Jesus Christ is determined by the meaning of the word "generation." What does this word mean? Some would say that a generation means forty years, therefore the Master referred to the destruction of Jerusalem and not to his second coming when speaking in this chapter; or else the second coming was fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem, and that we need look for no further visible manifestation of his presence as taught by those who hold the doctrine of the second coming.

The word "generation" in this verse refers to the Jewish race. The same Greek word here translated "generation" is used in the following passages: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation" (Matt. 11:16); "A wicked and adulterous generation" (Matt. 16:4); "The sinful and adulterous generation" (Mark 8:38); "a crooked and perverse nation" (Phil. 2:15); "A seed shall serve him; and shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation" (Psa. 22:30); "This generation of them that seek him" (Psa. 24:6); see also Luke 7:31; 16:8; 17:25. That the word "generation" does not, in these passages at least, mean a space of about forty years is self-evident. The reference then, in Matt 24:34 is to the Jewish race. And how wonderfully they have been preserved, as if for the fulfillment of this Scripture.

WHEREIN THEY DIFFER.

"The idea that there is a God," said the rabid free-thinker, "has never for a moment entered my mind."

"Same way with that yellow dog of mine," retorted the old deacon, "but he doesn't go around howling about it."—Dayton Herald.

OUR CHRISTMAS BARRELS.

The requests for Christmas barrels by needy pastors are coming by every mail. Churches who responded to requests last year were so happily blessed that they are taking names for two barrels this year.

A number of pastors in Oklahoma, Kansas, the Pacific coast and in the South are asking not for themselves but for their people. Many children are going to school through the snow in their bare feet. At Collinsville, Okla., the pastor makes a plea for fifty pairs of shoes.

We haven't heard from you concerning your church packing a box or barrel. On November 7 we had 15 more requests than offers. Some of these preachers on the frontier have had as good pastorates as yours. They have seen the need and gone out on the firing line, or have gone west on account of health of their loved ones. In some cases the self-sacrificing wife writes for a barrel, saying the husband is off on a twenty-mile ride to some other charge. It will do your church good. We can furnish men of your own denomination. Rev. A. A. McKay, Oceanic, N. J., says it's not difficult to get the goods for a box, but difficult to find the most needy cases, and where it would be appreciated.

Read "One Hundred Barrels of Happiness," and "The Box of St. Mark's," November Expositor, and tell us you are going to make some one very happy Christmas or before.

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PRAYER MEETING TOPICS

First Quarter 1914.

January.

Roll Call—

What the prayer meeting has been to me.

What I will be to the prayer meeting.

A Call to Prayer. Luke 11:1-13.

A Call to Action. Luke 15:1-30.

Book Study. Joel.

February.

Man Incurably Religious. Acts 17:16-31.

The Lord's Anointed: David—Lincoln. 1 Sam. 16:1-13.

An Old-Time Betrothal. Gen. 24:34-60.

The General's Farewell: Joshua—Washington. Josh. 23:1-16.

March.

A Psalm of Trust. Psa. 27.

The Prophet's Vision. Isa. 55.

The Story of the Immigrant Maiden. The Book of Ruth.

The Apostle's Advice. Col. 3:5-14.

WHAT THOMAS MISSED.

"Will disciples who don't go to prayer meeting please read John 20:19-26. Here an account is given of the first Christian prayer and conference meeting. The ratio of attendance was much greater than is usual now, as all the disciples—Judas having gone to his own place—were present, except Thomas. He was absent, and apparently not excused. Perhaps it rained, or possibly he had an important business engagement; he may not have felt very well, or after a tiresome day may have felt the need of physical relaxation. At any rate, he was absent, and he missed a great deal.

"In the first place, he missed meeting Jesus—for the Master came to that first prayer meeting, and spoke at it. In the second place, Thomas missed the mysterious gift of the Holy Ghost, which those present received from the Saviour. In the third place, he lost faith in Christianity. When the disciples next met him he had blossomed out into a full-fledged agnostic or unbeliever. He flatly refused to accept their united testimony, and declared that nothing short of full scientific proof could ever convince him of the resurrection. What a price to pay for neglecting to go to one prayer meeting!

"But it is substantially what the Christian of nowadays loses if he absents himself from the more intimate meetings of Christ's disciples. He, too, misses the vision of Jesus, the unction of the Spirit, and the assurance of faith."—Henry R. Elliot.

Note:—Pastors using our prayer meeting topics may have quarterly topic cards ("What Thomas Missed" on back) with name of your church on, 50 cents for 200, postpaid.

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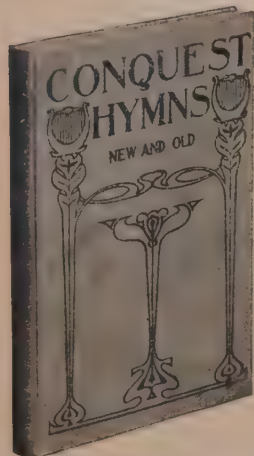
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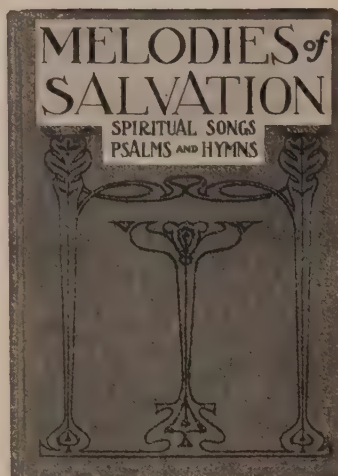
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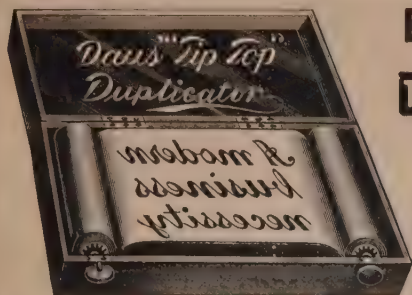
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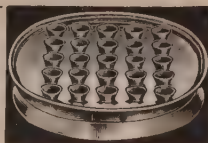
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He comes, a child, to keep with us
His birthday, every year.

When a bright star gleams in the East,
In the dim glades

His little feet come down the hills
And wander through the wood.

Oh! glad are all the trees for Him,
With joy they bend and lean,
Laurel and cedar, pine and fir,
Have kept for Him their green.

Some little bird a welcome sings,
Winds pipe it, high or low.

Its voice is in the trembling dawn
And the hushed wastes of snow.

All in the star-wake's white, bright path,
He glides across the sea,
The waves, that know His olden step,
Sing in glad symphony.

To every home of the wide earth
He comes, He enters in;
No poorest hovel bars Him out,
Nor even woe, nor sin.

He brings the little children gifts,
They laugh and shout in glee,
And know not that the Holy Child
They have for company.

He nestles close to saddest hearts,
He wipes away each tear,
For the sweet Mother-Mary's sake
He holds all mothers dear.

Oh! blessed Christ-Child, come to us,
Bring us some gift, we pray—
Thy loving smile, Thy tender touch,
To bless our Christmas Day.

And we—shall gold, frankincense, myrrh,
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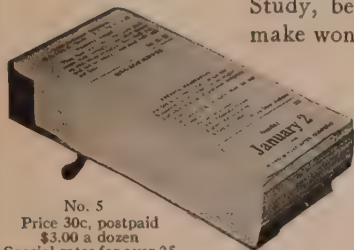
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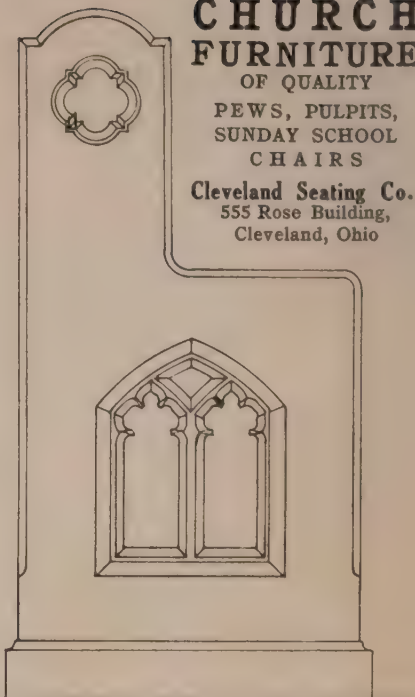
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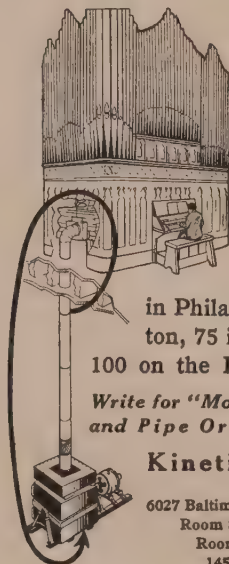
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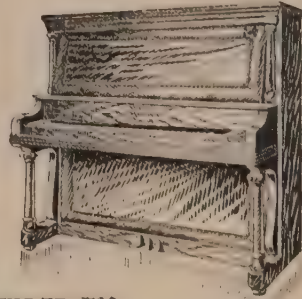
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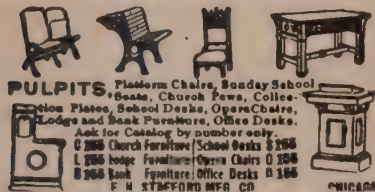
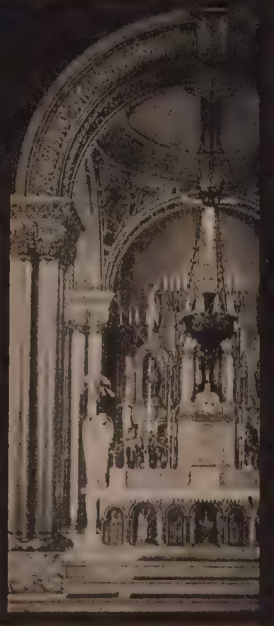
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